

AUGUST 1928

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CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



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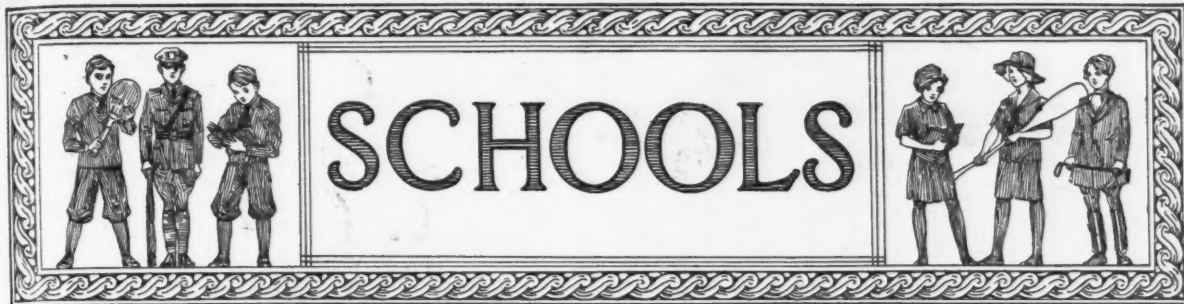
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By GERTRUDE KAY



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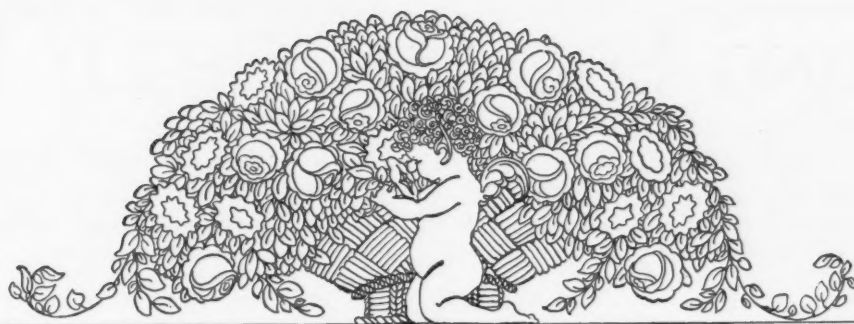


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CORNELIA MEIGS - - - A Thanksgiving Tale of Covered Wagon Days.

A colorful adventure story by the author of "The Trade Wind," a \$2,000 prize story for boys and girls.

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An informal, stimulating book chat for your parents to share with one of America's leading critics and the author of that delightful volume, "Songs for Parents."

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An outstanding poet, who loves to travel with her own children in far-off lands, continues her story of a little Arab's strange adventures in a north African desert.

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Another rare poem by a great American poet who has also written two delightful Rootabaga books for children and a remarkable biography of Abraham Lincoln.

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A lovable poem by the author of that exceedingly popular volume, "Everything and Anything."

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A pranky Halloween play—by the popular author of "Empty Elephant," "Clown Town," and "Little Texas."

ELEANOR HAMMOND - - - - - "Hilltop Castle."

A well-known writer continues her exciting serial that is already so absorbing to "Child Life" readers.

JANET SHAW - - - - - "Leafing Day."

Another thrilling tale of Revolutionary days by a popular "Child Life" writer.

HENRY PURMORT EAMES - - - - - "American Cowboy Music."

One of America's most brilliant pianists, lecturers and educators, who has inspired thousands with the love of music, contributes another splendid article.

MARY NEWLIN ROBERTS - - - "John Millais and the French Soldiers."

A vivid tale of a great painter's boyhood by a frequent contributor to "Child Life."

DAVID NEWELL - - - - - Second Wild Animal Contest.

An artist-naturalist, a noted adventurer and lover of wild life, contributes another stimulating contest. With his friend, Kermit Roosevelt, we, too, say, "We who know and love the outdoors are greatly indebted to him for sharing his experiences with us."



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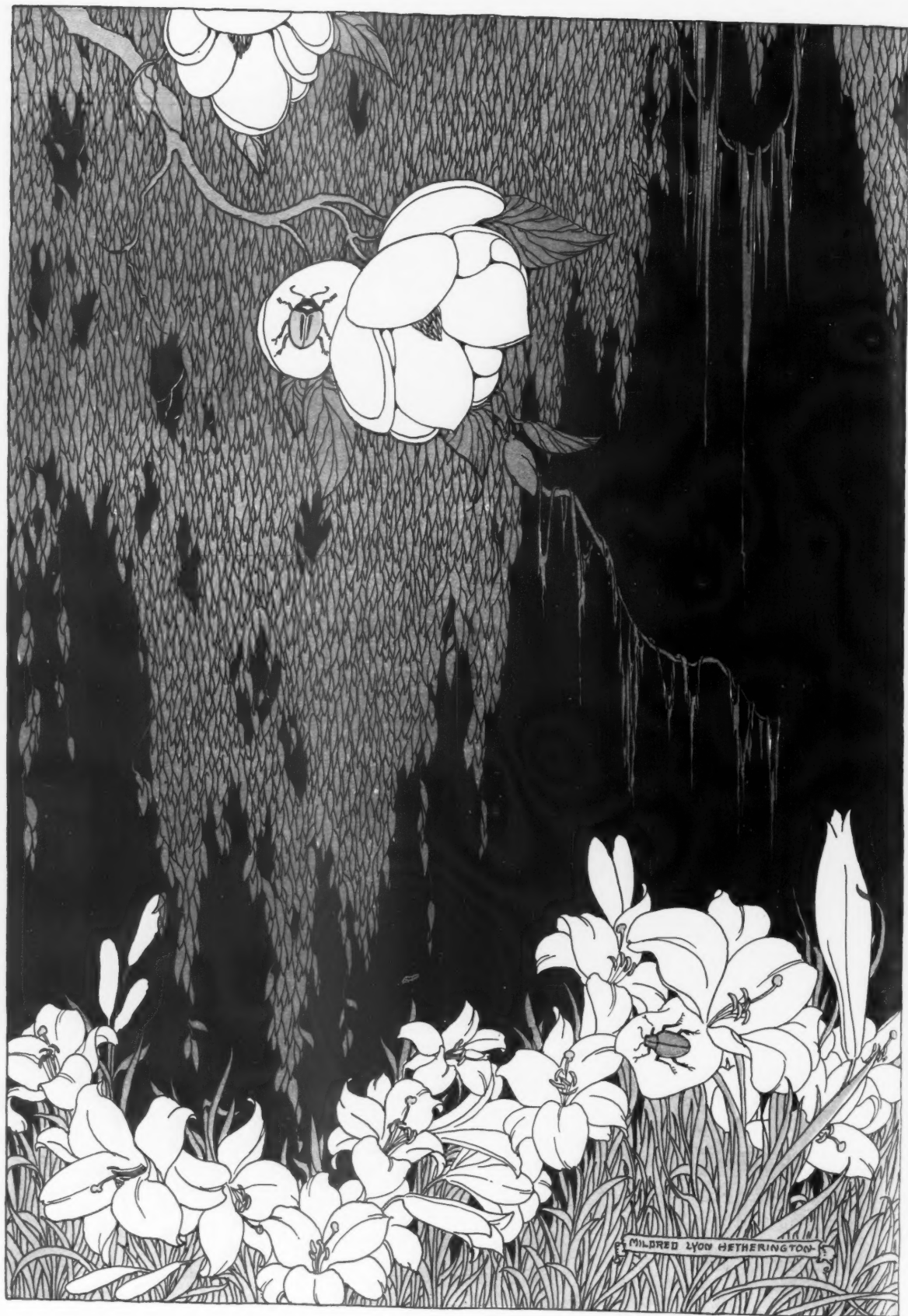
MY GOOD three-master's ready now
That Father made for me.
I am the captain of the boat
And I am going to sea.

The crew is on. Now, hoist her sails,
Cut loose and let her go!
Let's cross the sea and get back home
Before my family know.

Rose Maldo
Editor



CHARLES LYON HETHERINGTON



SMALL HOMES

CARL SANDBURG

THE green bug sleeps in the white lily ear.
The red bug sleeps in the white magnolia.
Shiny wings, you are choosers of color.
You have taken your summer bungalows wisely.





M. A. Buonarroti

MICHAEL ANGELO AND THE SNOW MAN

By
MARY NEWLIN ROBERTS



YOUNG Michael Angelo stood looking out on a new world. The snow had fallen all night upon the roofs of Florence, that most beautiful of all Italian cities—and in his short life he had never seen the low roofs and tall towers, the churches and palaces so mantled with white. He thought it made the whole city into a marble city, and although it was beautiful it made him sad. All the world seemed rather a cold place to the boy because he had lost not long ago a wonderful, kind and powerful friend, the great Duke and ruler, Lorenzo de Medici. In the garden of the Duke the young Michael Angelo had learned to carve and chisel with other young boys; and because he had carved out of stone a remarkably fine mask of a faun's head, the great Duke had noticed him and befriended him and had him sit at his right hand on feast days in the palace. There had been purses of gold, too, and beautiful velvet doublets and, best of all, tons of marble for the gifted young sculptor to carve and hack at to his heart's content.

But now that was all over and in the palace the son of the great Lorenzo, the young Pietro, ruled. Poor Michael Angelo no longer sat at the long and magnificent table and no longer worked and was happy in the fine old gardens of the palace. Pietro was little more than a boy himself, but a proud, tall, handsome, reckless youth who cared more for his horses and his athletes and his feasts than anything else, and it amused him to cast away the boy his father had treated with such consideration. In the old days of old Florence there were many cruel things done with a laugh that nobody nowadays would laugh at at all. And so because it was old Florence young Michael Angelo had to suffer in silence and be content to build more airy statues in his young brain than out of actual marble.

He stood at the narrow, long iron-grated window of his house and watched the white flakes drift down upon the beautiful tall tower that Giotto had built. He could see it rising above the roofs and he could see, too, the gateway to the Medici palace gardens and the snow deep and white on the familiar paths and bushes.

"Ah," he sighed, "everything is changed now." And his deep-set eyes were far graver than they should have been at his age. A sound of merriment and laughter suddenly drifted up to him, for although this was over four hundred years ago the Italians were as vivacious and gay as they are now, and the novelty of the snow had roused the young and old, rich and poor alike to laughter and pranks. Michael Angelo was only after all a boy and his eyes lit with a quick, fine spark of life as he leaned out between the bars to see what was going on.

Here a group of musicians had cast aside their instruments and were pelting each other with snowballs; and there, two servants in the blue and gold livery of some fine old family chased each other about, flinging white handfuls at one another till their splendid coats were like flour bags.

To-day was a feast day—a fiesta—and Michael Angelo, with a better view now of the city, could see the banners hanging from the Medici balustrades and towers. He knew that to-night the long table in the great hall would be lined with guests down its sides and that the young Pietro would sit at the head in the great carved chair with some youthful favorite at his right—probably that swift young runner whom Michael Angelo knew to be his great pride.

He was startled from his dreams by a rapping below and, leaning still farther from the window bars, his face turned first red then pale at what he saw. A page in the Medici livery was beating upon his own front door.

The messenger, glancing up, saw the boy and called in his full Italian voice.

"Aha, my young sculptor. His Magnificence, the great Medici, wishes you to come and build a statue for him at last!"

Michael Angelo's hands tightened on the bars and his heart beat such a gallop he could not answer.

"Dost thou not hear? Fear not—this is no jest. Speed thee now and follow fast, lest the great lord grow weary of waiting."

"Art thou truly in earnest?" asked Michael Angelo. "For I have never been sent for since the

great Lorenzo lived in the palace."

"Aye, truly am I, lad, and there is much fine marble for thee to work with."

Something in the man's tone caused an uneasiness to the young artist. He hesitated a moment and then with a proud straightening of his thin young shoulders, he called out, "I come!" and flinging a cloak about him he descended with rapid steps into the narrow snow-filled street.

His companion was inclined to chatter to him in a vein of mocking encouragement, as they hurried toward the great iron gateway of the palace, but Michael Angelo set his lips in a firm, straight line and kept his eyes before him.

"Aha, proud boy," laughed the messenger as they turned into the snow-filled park, "this is a great day, is it not, for thee? To work in marble again for the great lord of Medici?"

They passed now in through a small side door and up a winding stairway, each curve and each stone of which was as familiar as his own name to the young artist. His heart had not ceased to gallop in his breast and the hands that kept his cloak about him were clenched, but the fiery gleam of defiance in his eyes burned brighter than before. In an upper hallway they came soon upon Pietro surrounded by a group of boys and men, standing at a long window opening upon a stone balustrade that overhung the gardens. There was laughter and loud jesting amongst them, but when Pietro turned to the serious, waiting figure of Michael Angelo there was a slight pause.

"Aha," cried Pietro, looking him up and down. "So once more we have sent for you to honor our house with your great talent, young Michael Angelo. They tell me that thou art a master sculptor even at thy age."

Michael Angelo's deep eyes blazed. After a slight bow he stood erect with chin in air.

"So thy great and good father was wont to believe, my lord," he answered with his direct gaze fixed upon the laughing face.

Pietro flushed and turned to one of his companions.

"Take this lad to the gardens below us here," he commanded.

"There thou wilt find tools, my young friend, and all the whitest marble in the world. I am giving a feast to-night and thy statue will be finished for my

guests to enjoy. To-morrow our warm Italian sunshine will melt thy great work. Aha, why startest thou, my lad? The work will be as beautiful in snow!"

There was much laughter now. Michael Angelo had turned very pale. He, who had been so honored, to build a man of snow!

He was very young and very proud and he knew that he possessed a great and wonderful talent. For a few moments his anger rushed over him wave upon wave, making the mocking faces of the Duke and his followers grow dim. He fought with himself fiercely, for he knew that he would have to do the bidding of this son of his former great patron.

It occurred to him that he might fashion a portrait of Pietro in the snow to show that all power passes and fades away and there would come a time when even Pietro himself would be forgotten. This was a hard moment for a boy to face, but Michael Angelo was no ordinary young person. Something noble and strong seemed to come to his aid and suddenly his heart beat more steadily and he found his voice.

"I will build thee a statue in snow, my lord," he answered in his strong, rough young voice. "Thou art the great Lorenzo's son, and mayhap thou, too, will honor my work before it melts away."

Pietro laughed, but not so merrily as he had before. He drew aside the great curtain from the window and pointed to the white garden below.



[Continued on page 489]



A CIRCUS PARTY

By JEAN WALDEN

IT IS always fun to go to a circus, especially if you have a ticket of your very own, and are fortunate enough to have been invited by such an unusual animal as a blue elephant, for instance.

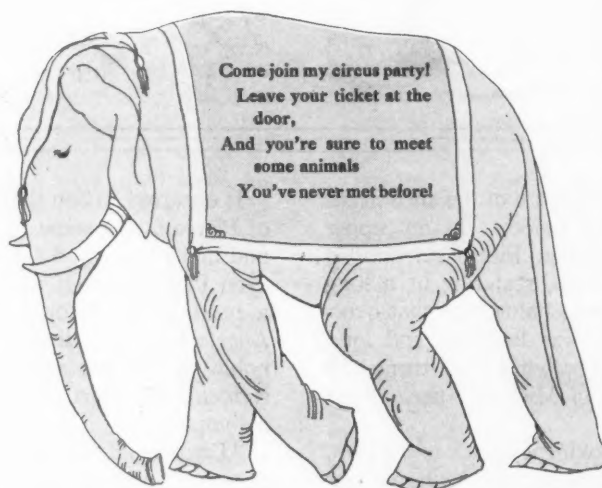
It is even more fun, however, to give a circus party of our own, so let's begin with an invitation which is very simple to make, if you follow these directions. Mother will want to help us, too.

First, we must search all through our favorite animal picture books until we find an elephant. We shall then trace around the outside of the picture and cut a similar one out of grey or blue light-weight cardboard. Throw a bright, colored "blanket" (folded oblong of gay red or orange paper) over the elephant's back, and write this invitation upon the blanket:

Come join my circus party!
Leave your ticket at the
door,
And you're sure to meet some
animals
You've never met before!

With the elephant enclose a ticket on which these words are typewritten or printed:

CHILDREN'S CIRCUS!
GATES OPEN AT 2.30 P.M. AUGUST . . .
ENTRANCE TO SIDE SHOW: 3 RIVERSIDE DRIVE,
ADMIT ONE.



If the children are old enough to read, warning signs may be posted about the house, such as: "Do not feed the animals," "Please keep away from cages," and "Do not tease monkeys." Outside the dining room (which should be roped off) there is a sign, "Do not step inside ropes. *Dangerous!*"

As soon as the tickets have been collected at the door by the little host or hostess, the children are given paper bags and told they must hunt for the animals. These have been concealed under chairs, tables, and other furniture about the house. This hidden menagerie consists of dozens of animal crackers, which Mother has covered with a thin coating of chocolate, white and even pink icing, the day before the party.

At a circus party "finders are keepers" (animal keepers!) in every sense of the word, for as soon as a child discovers a ferocious lion or bear, it is popped into one of the bags immediately.

Everyone is then asked to sit in a circle on the floor, one child

being chosen to stand in the center as the *ringmaster*. Mother then gives this child an envelope containing a picture of some well-known *sight* at a circus.

He is told not to allow his *audience* to see what is

inside the envelope, but must imitate either by his actions, or with his voice, some characteristic peculiar to that animal or person.

The first child who guesses correctly is made the *ringmaster* and given an envelope, etc.

Twelve children might each in turn be an elephant, bear, pig, lion, pony, dog, clown, cat, monkey, trained seal, snake charmer, acrobat, or juggler.

Another game which never grows old is pinning the tail on the donkey, the successful child being given a tiny teddy bear for a prize.

There should be just about time for one more game before *feeding-time* takes place under the Big Top!

Give each child a picture of an animal cut into five or six pieces. These pieces are to be fitted together (like a picture-puzzle) in five minutes. The prize might be a little wooden cat or other toy animal.

Suddenly the "toot-toot" of a tin horn is heard, and a voice (a grown-up's) calls loudly, "Come join the circus parade! The animals are now to be fed! When the band starts to play, please step this way!"

The phonograph then plays a lively march while the children all parade into the dining room, which fairly flashes with circus colors!

The gayest of balloons are tied to the backs of all the chairs, and float and sway in mid-air, to the delight of the children.

In the center of the table is an animal cage made of a brightly-painted cardboard box with *windows* at the sides cut out, leaving perpendicular *bars* between. Inside this cage are tiny five-cent celluloid

animals for favors. Each of these has a red ribbon about the neck which extends outward, and is attached to each child's little clown place card.

Then the ribbons are gently pulled, the animals come out from between the *bars*, to be immediately captured by the children!

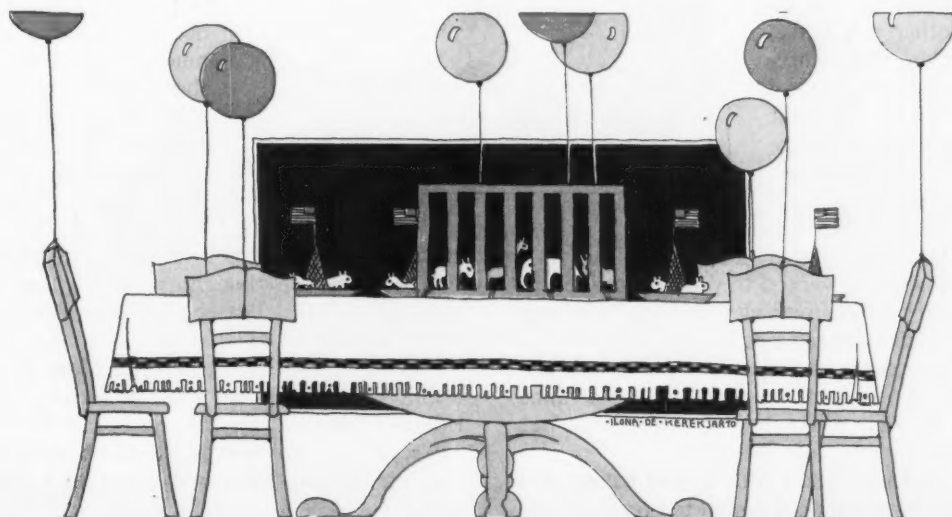
Large helpings of vanilla ice cream, if served in cones, turned upside down, will resemble circus tents. A tiny flag may be seen floating from the top, while a parade of animal crackers surrounds the tent.

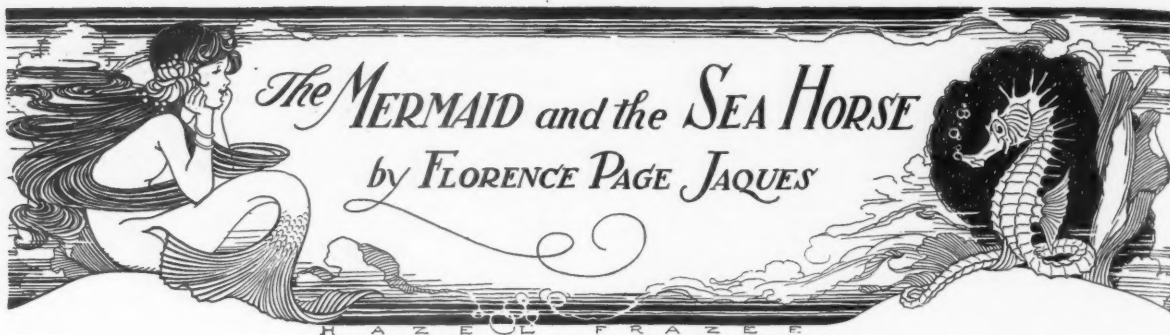
The circus party may, of course, be used to celebrate a birthday by simply adding the necessary cake and candles. A lighted cake, encircled by a row of tiny chocolate animals, is extremely effective, you will find.

A pop-corn ball (wrapped in waxed paper and tied, bundle-fashion with a bright red ribbon about the top) makes another attractive favor which will be easy to make.

Small cookies covered with white frosting and sprinkled over the top with tiny colored candies also appeal to the taste of the guests as being (as wee Janice expressed it) "awf'ly sugar-plumpish!"

We know that you and your guests will think so, too.





ONCE there was a little sea horse and his name was Jeremiah. That was a mistake, for he was small and funny and very gay. But the sea king had felt very sad the day the baby sea horse was brought in to be named. It was just after a heavy banquet given by some oysters who were *not* good cooks. So the king looked at the little sea horse and sighed and shook his head, and said, "Jeremiah," in a dejected voice, and *that* was done.

Now all sea horses are little and queer and darling, with their pointed noses and their curly tails and their little bits of fins that spin around like wheels to make them go. But Jeremiah was the littlest and queerest and darlingest of all. And everybody called him Jerry, and he always did whatever he happened to think of.

He stood straight up on his tail and he ran through the water in the bright blue sea. He played hide-and-seek with the other sea horses in the rocks and he let the sea urchins ride on his back.

And sometimes he danced on the beach in the moonlight, which no other sea horse ever thought of doing. But Jerry liked to, and he did. The other sea horses would float along in the curving waves and the foam, and watch him. They thought he was rather silly to dance on the sand when there was plenty of blue and green water everywhere. Why did he want to, they often asked each other.

The reason why he wanted to was because it was different. Jerry liked anything different. And one day he heard about mermaids!

When he heard about them he immediately put a large lunch in his packsack and took his canoe and started off. He really didn't need a canoe but it gave him a sense of adventure.

And after paddling and paddling and eating two lunches in rapid succession (he tried to pretend while

he ate the second that he'd forgotten about the first, but he hadn't, really) he came to the rocks where the mermaids played under the sea.

They were very young mermaids and they were playing ball with some shining shells, and Jerry was simply overcome with their beauty. He sat down on a rock to watch them, which was extraordinary. In fact, he had never tried sitting down before. "What beautiful golden hair they have!" he said. "I wish I had golden hair!"

Just then the mermaids saw him. "Oh, see the funny little thing!" they said, and they all made a circle and floated around him. "What is it? Isn't it cunning?"

Jerry felt very proud and he stood up straight on his tail and arched his neck and whirled his fins.

"I'm a sea horse," he said.

Then he and the mermaids played together, and after that they were very good friends and were very happy, until one day—

That day the youngest mermaid, whose name was Clypsy, decided she would pretend to be a land maid. Now she didn't know a great deal about land maids—not any more than you know about mermaids, which isn't much, I regret to say. But she thought that one of the things a land maid did was to sit in a window and look up at a canary bird singing in a cage. Don't ask me how she got that idea, but

she had it, and she thought she wanted to do it too.

The more she thought about it, the more she wanted to, till at last she felt that it was the only thing in the world that would make her happy. Of course, it seems rather ridiculous of her, but usually the things we want to do most do seem ridiculous to other people.

Clypsy decided she *must* sit in a window and lean back on cushions and listen to a canary bird sing.



But she didn't have any window!

So she talked to the other mermaids. And at first they laughed at her but she talked so energetically, and convincingly, and copiously, and uninterruptedly, that at last they got most excited too, and they thought they *must* see Clypsy pretend to be a land maid.

They talked, all at once and all together, for hours and hours. Then they made a dash through the deep water, and a dive, down, down, to the wreck of a ship that was half buried in the white sand at the bottom of the ocean; and when they came up, they had a carved door frame, which they thought was a window, and some sacks of gold, which they thought were pillows, and a real bird cage, which was truly remarkable.

They propped the door frame up with rocks and shells and tied it with seaweed. They piled the sacks of gold below it, and they hung the bird cage up on a tall coral branch near-by. Then Clypsy reclined on the sacks of gold and all the other mermaids clapped their hands and said, "Oh, how beautiful! Just like a picture!" and Clypsy felt very grand. And uncomfortable. For gold pillows are knobbier than feather ones.

But she leaned back and looked up at the cage dreamily. Then she sat up and said, "But I haven't a canary bird!"

Just then Jerry came buzzing along, humming a tune, and when he saw Clypsy and her door frame window he chuckled and spun away.

"He'd make a cunning canary bird!" Clypsy said, and she jumped up and swam after him. The water was green and shimmering, and Jerry liked it best that way, so he was running wildly up



and down the ripples and he was hard to catch. But Clypsy wanted a canary bird, and she went faster and faster, till at last she caught Jerry by the tail.

Now I'm afraid you don't like Clypsy very well, and I'm sorry, for she really was a darling. This day she was troublesome because she was so full of ideas. But sometimes she didn't have any ideas for days and days, and she was always very pretty.

When she caught Jerry by the tail she began to pull him home.

"Stop that!" said Jerry indignantly.

"Don't be cross, Jerry," said Clypsy.

"I want you to be a canary bird."

"What's a canary bird?" Jerry asked.

"Ouch. You hurt."

"A canary bird sits in a cage and sings," said Clypsy, getting back to the rocks. She popped Jerry in the cage and shut the door.

"I don't *want* to be a canary bird," said Jerry, in a rage as well as in a cage. "I'm a perfectly good sea horse."

"You're my sweet little canary bird," said Clypsy, teasing him, "and you must sit there and sing!" She hung him up among the seaweed and coral.

Jerry looked all around and there was no way to get out. Then he tossed his head.

"I guess I'll go to bed," he murmured, and curled up in a corner.

The mermaids laughed and that made Clypsy a little angry. "You bad sea horse," she said. "Sing! Sing! *Sing!*" And she joggled the cage till the sea horse fell on his nose.

"Now look what you did!" he said.

"I didn't mean to," Clypsy said, feeling sorry. "But if you don't sing I'll do something. I'll paint

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PHOEBE AND THE NEXT DOOR DRAGON

By MARJORIE ANNE MORTLAND



WHEN the Weatherbees moved from the house next door, Phoebe hoped the people who moved in would have some little boys and girls for her to play with. But they didn't. They had a dog. He was a huge dog, too, greyish, brownish, wild-looking. And Phoebe was afraid of dogs. To be sure, her cousin Jane had a tiny white fuzzy one, with dark shining eyes like ripe olives stuck on each side of his nose, and she wasn't afraid of him, since he was more like a doll than a dog. But dogs of any size and any bark at all scared her. People were always saying to Phoebe, smiling as if they were sorry she couldn't see what was plain as daylight to them, "He won't hurt you. He's only playful," but that never made her feel any braver, try as she would to believe it.

When Phoebe first saw the big dog next door she didn't know he lived there, for he was just walking past her house. Then one afternoon she was out in the yard, trying to do the fairy dance she was learning at dancing school, with a fairy stick for a wand. She saw her mother coming up the street and ran to meet her, waving the stick. Just as she reached the

gate in front of the house next door, the dog rushed out, jumping all about her. Phoebe froze where she stood, her heart beating so fast she could hardly breathe. She tried to scream, but her voice just came in a weak little gasp. Then her mother came up and clasped her, saying, "Never mind, baby dear, Mother's right here, and he doesn't mean any harm, you see," and a thin young man with tired eyes came running from the house calling, "Michael! Michael!" and the dog ran over to him.

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry," said the young man. "You see he thought you had that stick on purpose to play with him. There was a little yellow-haired girl like you where we used to live, and she threw sticks for him to pick up. They were great friends. To tell the truth, I was glad to see that you lived here, because I know he'll miss her. Good as a nursemaid, you know," he went on, to Phoebe's mother. "Nobody dared touch her while he was around."

"He's a beauty," answered Phoebe's mother. "I do wish she wasn't so afraid of dogs. I feel if only she could get used to one, she wouldn't mind the others, but she won't let one get near her."

"Maybe she'll get used to Michael," said the young man hopefully, and he picked up a stick and threw it a long way off. The dog raced after it, brought it back and laid it at his feet. Phoebe wasn't trembling so much now, holding her mother's hand, and her heart was quieting down. When she heard the young man say that, she shook her head.

"No! No!" she said. "No, never!"
"All right, I'll see that the gate is



kept closed so that he won't try to play with you any more," the young man told her, good-naturedly. "But he really is a good dog, and if you throw a stick for him, he's your friend for life. Awful fool about chasing sticks."

That evening Phoebe asked her father to telephone the dog-catcher to come and get the big dog next door.

"Why, Phoebe!" said her mother. "How would you feel if the young man sent somebody to take away Tommy Tucker?"

"Tommy Tucker wouldn't bark and scare anybody," replied Phoebe, looking up at Tommy Tucker in his cage by the window.

"But the young man loves his dog just as you do Tommy Tucker," her mother told her, "and he promised to keep the gate closed. The other little girl liked Michael, you see."

"Suppose I got you a puppy of your own," suggested her father.

"No, no!" said Phoebe again. "I don't like puppies."

After that, the house next door was like the ogre's castle in a fairy story to Phoebe. The giant that Jack met up on the beanstalk, the wolf in Red Riding Hood's story—these were not half so unfriendly, in her thoughts, as the dog next door. She made up tales about him, as if he were a dragon. She never stepped outside the door without first making sure that the gate was closed and the dog inside the high fence all around the house next door. Even then, she stayed so close to the gardener or Mademoiselle that she had hardly any fun. It was just as if somebody had tied a heavy weight around Phoebe's neck, so that she couldn't play about freely any more. Being so afraid of meeting him was almost as bad as doing it.

And then one memorable day, she did meet him. Phoebe was waiting for Mademoiselle, who was late. Her mother had gone out, and Phoebe couldn't decide what to do with herself. She wandered about the house, and in her mother's room picked up the pin her father had given her mother for Christmas. It had a lovely big round bluestone with a silvery,

mysterious star in the middle that you could hardly see. Phoebe knew she mustn't take her mother's things, but she pinned it on her smock, just for a minute, to see how it looked. Then she went over and looked out of the window.

It was so lovely and sunshiney that Phoebe decided that it would be all right for her to go to Loring Park to meet Mademoiselle. It was so near, and Mademoiselle came that way, she knew. The dog next door was asleep by the garage, the gate was shut, and in the park it would be all right because dogs weren't allowed there. So she went, without telling Norah or anyone, smiling at the postman, whom she met halfway along the block. It was lovely in the park. Phoebe threw stones in the lake awhile, then skipped along one of the paths, singing to herself. She had forgotten all about the pin.

Then there was a soft pad-pad in the grass beside her. It sounded like a dog. It was a dog. It was the dragon next door. The postman must have left the gate open, and nobody had told Michael that dogs weren't allowed in the park. At first, he didn't seem to see her. He was going along with his nose on the ground, as if hunting for something. He found a stick and brought it over to her. He put it right down by the tip of Phoebe's brown sandal. She thought if she threw the stick into the lake it would take a long time for him to find it and then she could run away.

Trembling so that she could hardly make her fingers work, Phoebe leaned over, picked up the stick, and threw it as far as she could. It didn't go anywhere near the lake, but it got caught in the upper branches of a bush, where it was just as hard

to get. He jumped up at it, round and round the bush, and Phoebe ran frantically, till she collided with a man and woman she hadn't noticed before, coming along the path.

"Here!" said the woman crossly, then she leaned over and stared at the forgotten pin on Phoebe's smock and said, in a different voice, "You precious little darling! What a pretty pin. Here's mine. Don't



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DUNDEE GOES HUNTING

By CONSTANCE JOHNSON

Author of "Mary in New Mexico" "When Mother Lets Us Cook" etc.



DUNDEE was a terrier and he loved to hunt. He had been camping out in the fields with his young master Dick, his young mistress Jane and their parents.

One evening they camped out in a wild place, far off from everywhere. It was great fun for Dundee. He found a lot of queer-smelling holes, and snuffed about, wondering who lived in them. He caught a toad after supper, but Jane made him let it go.

"When I really start hunting, I won't take Jane," thought Dundee.

In the night he heard some animal prowling about, near the place where the food was kept. He jumped off Jane's bed, where he had been sleeping, and growling to himself started to find out who the thief was. It was a black and white animal with a big bushy tail, something like a cat, yet different. It certainly didn't behave like any ordinary cat. It didn't hump up, or spit or growl, but just turned quietly and faced the dog.

"Why don't you fight?" barked Dundee.

"Don't worry, I will," was the reply.

The next moment there was a terrible smell and the air seemed full of some thick liquid that almost suffocated the dog. The strange animal sauntered off and Dundee, utterly miserable, ran to Dick, but Dick told him to go away.

"Dad, Dad," the boy called, "Dundee has had a fight with a skunk, and smells awfully."

Dick's father put a rope through the dog's collar and led him far away from the camp. There he tied him to a tree. Poor Dundee! He had to stay tied until the smell wasn't so bad. He rolled in the grass and did everything he could to get rid of it, for he did not like it himself.

Finally Dick and his father washed him with a strong-smelling soap and let him come back to camp again. He almost enjoyed that bath, though he had to pretend he didn't. He had to squirm and struggle and fight, just to show that baths were horrid things.

"Don't you ever go near a skunk, Dundee," said Dick, as he looked into the dog's eyes.

"I won't if I know myself," said the dog to himself.

One day they all went for a walk. Dundee ran off into the woods hunting. By and by he smelled a new animal smell. When he followed it up he found a queer broad trail. It was made by the dragging tail of the strange animal. Dundee barked and barked, but the creature paid no attention to him. The dog ran around in front of his enemy, but the beast would not fight. The dog made a rush for its back.

Poor Dundee! As he did so, the animal slapped him with its tail, and the dog found his face full of needle-like quills that only hurt the more when he tried to get them out. Every time he shut his mouth the sharp hooked quills stuck into him. He tried to rub them off with his paw, but that only drove them in deeper. Finally he ran to Dick for help.

"O poor Dundee!" cried the boy. "Daddy, what shall we do? Dundee's mouth is full of porcupine quills."

Dick and his father tried to pull them out, but it hurt so that the dog wouldn't hold still.

"We will have to get someone to help us," said Dick's father.

They hurried out of the woods to a farmhouse near-by, the same place where Dick got the milk every morning. Then Dick and his father held Dundee tight while the



Dee Dobbin.

friendly farmer pulled the quills out one by one.

My, but it wasn't comfortable at all! He cried and struggled, but the quills had to be pulled out. So Dick and his father held on tight and the farmer pulled with his tweezers.

After the quills were all out and while Dick and his father and the man were talking it over, the big tabby cat who lived in the barn came out and licked his poor nose and face. Dundee remembered how he had chased the cat two or three times. He felt ashamed of himself. "I will never chase another cat," he thought. "At least, I'll never chase this one! Maybe some day I can do her a good turn."

"Don't you ever go near a porcupine again, Dundee," said Dick, as he looked into the dog's eyes that night, when they were in camp again.

Dundee wagged his tail. "Never again," he thought to himself. "They are worse than skunks, even if they smell better. Chasing cats is much more fun." Then he suddenly remembered that he wasn't going to chase cats any more because of his friend the tabby cat, Ginger.

There was some water near the camp, and Dundee liked to hunt for fish and frogs.

"Do you suppose he ever will catch one?" Dick asked his father.

"I guess he just likes the fun of trying," answered his father. "The frogs seem to keep on croaking just the same. But they do jump away."

There were some bushes near-by, and in these lived a long garter snake. Dundee liked to watch the snake hole. But he never caught a snake, though he stood for hours, barking from time to time at the hole. He wasn't a bit afraid of the creatures, but he didn't like the way they slipped through the bushes without feet (as he thought). So he told Ginger one morning when he had gone with Dick to get the milk.

"I don't like them, either," she said. "I know that some are poisonous. You must be careful what you hunt, my friend."

"Skunks, porcupines, and snakes," said Dundee thoughtfully. Then Dick whistled for him and he had to go.

But he couldn't believe that the pretty yellow and brown garter snake was dangerous. So he went over with Jane that evening and asked Ginger more questions.

"No, garter snakes are all right. They help the



farmers by killing mice and things just the way I do," said the cat. "I think you would know a bad snake when you see one. They look spiteful and act that way, too."

He ran along beside Jane, rubbing against the little girl's legs, for they were great friends.

Suddenly Ginger stopped short, and her green eyes grew large with terror. Right in the path where Jane would put her little sandaled foot, was a beautifully marked adder, big and deadly.

"Sic 'em!" she cried to the dog.

Before the snake had time to strike, Dundee sprang. He caught the

thing on the neck and broke its back in an instant.

Ginger sat down and licked her paws to get back her courage.

"Was that really a bad one?" asked the dog.

"It surely was. You have saved me and Jane too, I guess."

"You were very good to me when I got those quills into my mouth. I am glad to be able to help you," answered Dundee.

"Take the snake home. They'll give you a big bone," said Ginger. "They always give me one when I catch a rat. I could never have killed that snake," she added. Then she ran away with her tail in the air.

"Come on, Dundee," called Jane. "You were a bad dog to kill that pretty snake."

But the dog knew he had behaved very well, and he dragged the long snake back to the camp in triumph. And a triumph it was. He was patted and praised and given a nice juicy piece of meat.

"Just look at the size of that snake," said Dick.

"I don't like the idea of there being dangerous snakes like that around," his father replied. "I am glad we are going home to-morrow."

"I don't like to say good-bye to Ginger," thought Dundee.

But the next morning they all got up early and packed the auto till there was not room for another bone or stick. Dundee jumped onto the back seat and Jane honked the horn to show that all was ready.



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SON of the DESERT

By EUNICE TIETJENS



Author of "Profiles from China," "Body and Raiment," "Jaka," etc.

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Abdul Aziz, an Arab boy living in Tunisia in North Africa, journeys southward to the desert to make a new home with the Ouled ben Idress, the Bedouin tribe of his mother's people. In the city of Kaiouan he becomes separated from Kadija, his mother, but though he wanders from street to street, he cannot find her. Discouraged and bewildered, he finds his way again to the main street of the city, trying to choke back the tears. Here a young Bedouin discovers him and gives him directions for reaching the tents of Si Maroc, his grandfather. So Abdul Aziz makes the rest of the journey alone, and Maroc promises to send to the city for his mother.

CHAPTER II

THE next morning Abdul Aziz waked very early. For a moment he could not remember where he was. All about him was dark, except for the pale gray streak of dawn that stole in between the flaps of the tent. He sat up to make sure.

But as he straightened himself his head scraped against the skin roof of the tent. Then suddenly he knew, and with the same excitement he had felt the night before he looked around him.

Presently his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom. He was lying on a pair of sheepskins and covered with a heavy woolen blanket, for the nights on the desert are very cold. Near him lay Kadija, his mother, still sleeping, and on the other side of the tent he could make out the dim forms of other sleepers. His mother lay with her head pillowed on her arm; and she was smiling, for she had come home.

Abdul Aziz stretched himself and without a sound stole out of the tent. The fresh morning air was

sweet in his nostrils, and the sense of limitless space about him brought a little shock of pleasure. In the dawn the dim forms of the Bedouin tents were taking shape. They looked so little and low in the great space of the waste! It was as though nature spoke to the boy and said, "See how small man is!

He is hardly a breath on my great breast. Yet he is my child, my son. And here he is free!" Abdul Aziz took a deep breath and flung his arms outward in the crisp air.

Presently the flap of the tent where he had slept was lifted, and a young girl whom he had seen the night before came out. She was as slim as a young filly and her face and her bare legs were tattooed with the mark of her tribe in faint blue dots. She

smiled sleepily at the boy and busied herself making a fire of sagebrush in a little pottery bowl with holes in the bottom of it. Over this she hung an iron pot, and presently the good odor of boiling meat came from it. The boy knew suddenly that he was hungry.

Before long, too, the rest of the camp was awake. From each of the tents came tall men in loose white garments who walked with long swinging steps, and other women who lighted other fire pots. There were children, too, who looked curiously at the new-comer. And everywhere

about the camp the animals were already awake, the camels lying quietly on their folded legs, smiling to themselves, the old sheep moving about lipping the ground for any tiny spear of desert herb that might be growing even here, while the young lambs gamboled beside them. The beautiful slim horses





strained at their posts where they were picketed close beside the tents.

The donkeys tried gingerly to eat the cactus without pricking themselves too much on its sharp spines. And a number of thin and savage dogs came out from behind the tents and barked at Abdul Aziz.

Presently a tall, lean man with a kind face stopped beside the boy.

"May your day be blessed, son of Kadija," he said.

"May yours be prosperous," answered the boy politely. Then he added,

"Where can I find the well that I may wash before eating?"

The man looked at him and laughed silently. "Child of the city," he said, but not unkindly, "it is true that the Prophet commanded us to wash five times a day. But he did not say that we must always use water. He knew that often there is none. Come with me."

Abdul Aziz, surprised and taken aback, followed the man in silence a little distance till they came to a spot of clean white sand. There the man stooped and, taking some of it in his hands, he rubbed his feet, his hands, and even his face carefully with its dry particles. Abdul Aziz followed suit and was surprised to find how much cleaner and fresher he felt.

As they walked back towards the camp the man spoke again.

"What is your name, child of the city?"

"Abdul Aziz ben Sadoc," answered the boy. "And yours?"

"Youssef, son of Mohammed. You have no father. If you need help, come to me," he added with a sort of proud kindness, and left him.

The boy looked after him with a grateful heart—and went in to breakfast.



So began his new life with the Bedouins, and he found it a pleasant

one. He saw little of his grandfather, of whom he stood much in awe, for the old man was chief of the tribe and dwelt with his four wives in a tent apart. But the children, though they mocked him a little because he did not know the ways of the desert, took him into their games. His mother helped him with the strange customs and his new friend, Youssef, came steadily to his rescue. Soon a fast friendship sprang up between them, and the boy would follow Youssef at his tasks, watching closely how he did them and learning quickly a hundred new things.

He learned to ride a rocking camel for hours together without growing tired—and that is no easy thing to do, for a camel jerks you backward and forward till you feel that your spine will break in the middle, like a wire that is bent too often. He learned to dig the sagebrush for its strong roots that go so far into the soil in search of water, and to pack the brush skillfully on the camel's back, to sell for firewood in the town. He learned to tell directions by the sun by day and the stars by night, and he learned to live on dates, boiled mutton or goat's meat, and tea—with never quite enough of any of them. He lost every spare ounce of fat on his body and grew lean and tireless as the Bedouins themselves who seem sometimes as though their bodies are made of steel. Before long the children ceased to mock him, and in a few weeks it seemed

to Abdul Aziz that his past life in the village was only a dream that had happened in some earlier world, and that he had always lived this old free life of the desert, that is as old as man.

But especially the boy loved the animals that seemed almost as important as the people. Indeed



they were important, for without their animals the Bedouins could not live on the desert at all. Here where nothing grows men live almost entirely from what the animals give them. They drink the milk of their goats, they eat the flesh of sheep, goats and young camels, they make their clothes from the wool of the sheep and their tent-houses from the hair of the camels. And when they move from place to place they load everything on the backs of their faithful beasts. A Bedouin on the desert without animals would have nothing to eat, nothing to wear and nowhere to live.

Abdul Aziz spent endless long lazy days with the animals. His friend, Youssef, came to trust him with his flocks and the boy would drive them to the wells and watercourses, and pasture them on the scanty grass and herbs near the city.

He liked them all, but one day he made a very special chum to whom later he was to owe his fortune and, for the matter of that, his life.

Nobody could have told, though, to look at him, that he was to be such an important person. For he was only a funny, fuzzy young donkey, whose legs were still too long for his body, and whose big ears were always busy turning this way and that. He was a light brown color, almost golden, and he was neatly trimmed with black and white on his nose and feet.

This is the way Abdul Aziz came to make a chum of him. One morning Youssef said to the boy, "Son of Kadija, I have a task for you to-day. Take this load of sagebrush to the town and sell it in the market place. I will give you a fifth part of what you get for it for your own."

The boy was delighted. He was good at selling things, and he liked the market place. So he set off in high spirits, driving the old white camel on which the brush was loaded. It was early morning, and the shadow of himself and the camel stretched out long in front of him across the waste. He sang loudly and thumped the camel on the rump.

But presently he heard little galloping feet behind him and there, pounding along gayly, came the

golden brown donkey. It was too young to be put to work yet, and it felt frisky as a young dog this morning.

"Go home, Son of Satan!" called the boy, and threw sand at it, for there were no stones to throw.

But the donkey paid not the slightest attention to him. He wheeled round when the sand came at him, so as not to get it into his eyes. Then he skirted about, flapping his ears and braying loudly for the sheer pleasure of being alive. Abdul Aziz couldn't help laughing, and when the donkey persisted in trotting after him like a pet dog he gave up trying to discourage him. When they came near the town the boy caught the little beast, took out a piece of grass rope and tied it about the creature's neck. Youssef would never forgive him if he lost the donkey in town.

So they came into the market place together. Abdul Aziz made his camel lie down, tied the donkey to a post and looked about for a customer. But he didn't have much luck to-day. Not that the boy minded much. Time is a matter of great indifference to an Arab, and they would just as soon wait five hours as one. "Why be in a hurry?" say the Arabs. "Only Roumis"—foreigners—"are in a hurry. Allah gives his sons patience."

So the boy waited, watching the busy market place, while the long sunny day wore on. He ate his dates at noon, watered the camel and the donkey from the well, and fed them some grass. It was well on towards dusk when the last of his load was sold. Then he made ready to go home.

But the old white camel thought otherwise. Calmly and quietly, but most decidedly, it refused to get up. Abdul Aziz tried pulling the halter and shouting, without result. The camel had made up its mind. He tried pushing from behind, but that didn't help matters. Then he beat it with a rope and even kicked it with his bare feet. But that hurt his feet more than it hurt the camel. The beast grunted a little and showed its teeth, but it wouldn't budge.

Abdul Aziz was growing annoyed and a man standing near came over to help. They pulled and hauled together but still the camel would not get up.

By this time the whole corner of the market place was interested, and half a dozen men came over. Two pulled on the rope, two pushed from behind and two beat. The camel grunted angrily now, baring his teeth and trying to bite. But that was all. It was growing very late and Abdul Aziz began to be afraid he would get no dinner.

He thought very hard and finally he had one last idea. He took some sagebrush and, lifting up the camel's tail, he built a little fire under it. But even that didn't help. When his tail got too hot the camel only shuffled forward a bit on its knees out of reach of the fire and settled down again, grunting. All the men took to laughing then and went away. The market was closing for the night and the boy was soon left alone.

[Continued on page 499]

HUCKLEBERRY PIES

By RUTH GIPSON PLOWHEAD

ALMOST every summer when the days grew too warm, Sally Lou's father and mother and four brothers and small Sally Lou tucked themselves into their large touring car, and went high into the beautiful pine mountains. Often Betty Sue's father and mother and Betty followed in their car, and what delightful times the two families had camping together in the wilderness. But one summer Betty Sue's father was too busy to take the trip, and the little friends were very sad when told that Betty Sue was not to go.

In fact, Sally Lou cried so loudly, and Betty Sue's eyes looked so big and sorrowful that Mrs. Clore said, "My, my, we can't have two such sorrowful little girls! Whatever shall I do? Perhaps I had better talk to Betty Sue's mother about it." So she slipped across the lawn and had a very private talk with Mrs. Blake.

"I do not see," she said, "how we can take this trip without Betty Sue. So many tears might wash

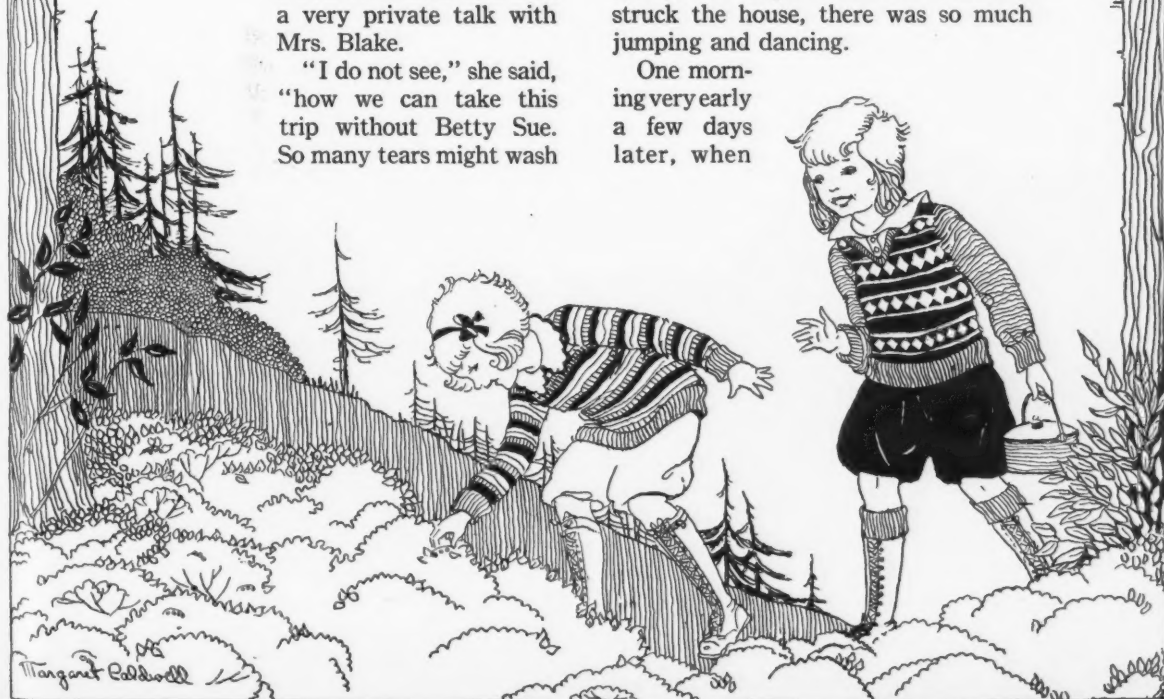
the road away. Seriously, though, I am afraid Sally will have a very lonely time, as the boys will be hunting and fishing with their father."

"She will be no more lonely than Betty, I am sure," replied Mrs. Blake. "I can just see her wandering about the house, asking how many days before Sally will be home."

"If you are willing to trust Betty Sue with us, there is a corner in our car where we can tuck another little girl. We would like so much to have her with us, and we shall take the very best care of her," said Sally's mother.

It was very hard for Betty's father and mother to think of loaning their only little daughter for two weeks, but I wish you could have heard the shouts of joy which arose from two small throats when Sally Lou and Betty Sue heard that Betty was to go. Why, it seemed as though a small whirlwind had struck the house, there was so much jumping and dancing.

One morning very early a few days later, when



the sun had just peered over the eastern horizon, a big car rolled out of Sunnyville bound for the high pine country. It was packed so tightly with bedding and suitcases, fishing rods, guns and boys that it seemed as if it could not hold another thing. And yet, when they climbed in, there was the coziest corner for Sally Lou and Betty Sue. How like true mountaineers they felt in their tiny tweed knickers, gay sweaters, and tough little hiking boots.

They rode and rode and rode through dull sagebrush plains, and dry rolling hills; then they began to reach the greener country and just as the same morning sun was rolling sleepily to bed, they reached their camping ground. It was at the foot of a beautiful hill, under huge spicy-smelling pine trees. And

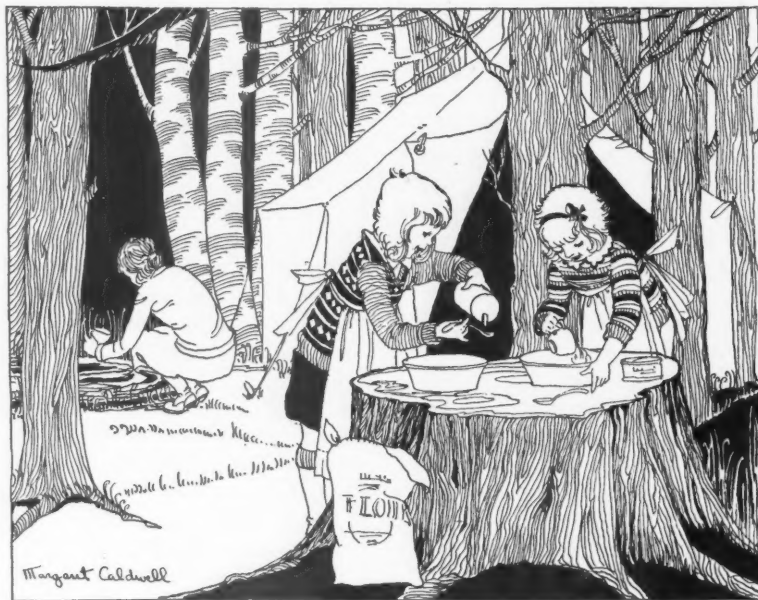
one of the strangest and most delightful things about the camp was the fact that two creeks met beside it. One was so steaming hot that they could not put their hands in it, and the other came from high up in the mountains, and was as cold as though whole tons of ice had been resting along its rocky trail. Where the two streams met was a lovely warm pool, and almost the minute the girls reached the camping ground they scurried into their bathing suits, and splashed and leaped and darted about that pool like two lively little fish.

Father and the boys unpacked the car, and while Mother was frying huge slices of ham, and baking biscuits in the funny Dutch oven, Sally Lou and Betty Sue trotted behind Father and the boys, trying to help pitch the tents, and cut soft fir boughs with which to make beds. So in less time than you could really believe camp was made, supper finished, and everyone was making plans for the morrow. But Sally Lou and Betty Sue were so sleepy that before the plans were decided on, they tumbled into one of those spicy, fragrant fir beds, right under the dark blue sky, where the big yellow moon and the twinkling stars could look down upon them. A baby wind, creeping through the pine boughs, lulled them to rest with a gracious lullaby, and the last thing they heard before they closed their eyes was Father saying, "We must without fail have fried trout and huckleberry pie for dinner to-morrow

night," and all the boys were agreeing heartily.

"We must have them," murmured Sally Lou, sleepily cuddling close to Betty and thinking how happy she was that her little chum was snuggled beside her, instead of being down in the hot, dusty town. It was such a splendid night for sleeping, with the mountain brook singing such gay little songs beside their bed that the chums slept and

slept; they opened their eyes just in time to see Father and the boys, in wading boots and slickers, starting from camp with fishing poles over their shoulders and tin pails on their arms. Sally Lou tumbled sleepily out of bed, and stumbled drowsily after them in her little red pajamas, looking like a woolly teddy bear. Betty Sue followed in her lit-



tle grey pajamas like a cunning bunny. Sally Lou was just as cross as the crossiest kind of a bear, too.

"Wait, Daddy, wait," she called. "You said we could fish and pick berries and now you are going away without us."

"Don't be silly," teased brother Tom. "You couldn't pick a huckleberry in the dark, and you'd be afraid of a fish, and couldn't bait a hook if you tried."

"I guess I could too, Mr. Tom," stormed Sally. "Can't we please, please go, Daddy dear?"

"Indeed you may some day. You shall both fish and pick berries if we can find them. But to-day we are going too far. The forest ranger down the valley says that huckleberries are very scarce this year, and we must walk several miles before we begin to hunt them. We shall climb hills and wade creeks, and are going to be gone all day. It will be too hard a trip for you, but be good girls, and we will try and bring back berries for a nice juicy pie. You may help Mother have the crust all ready so the pie can bake in a jiffy."

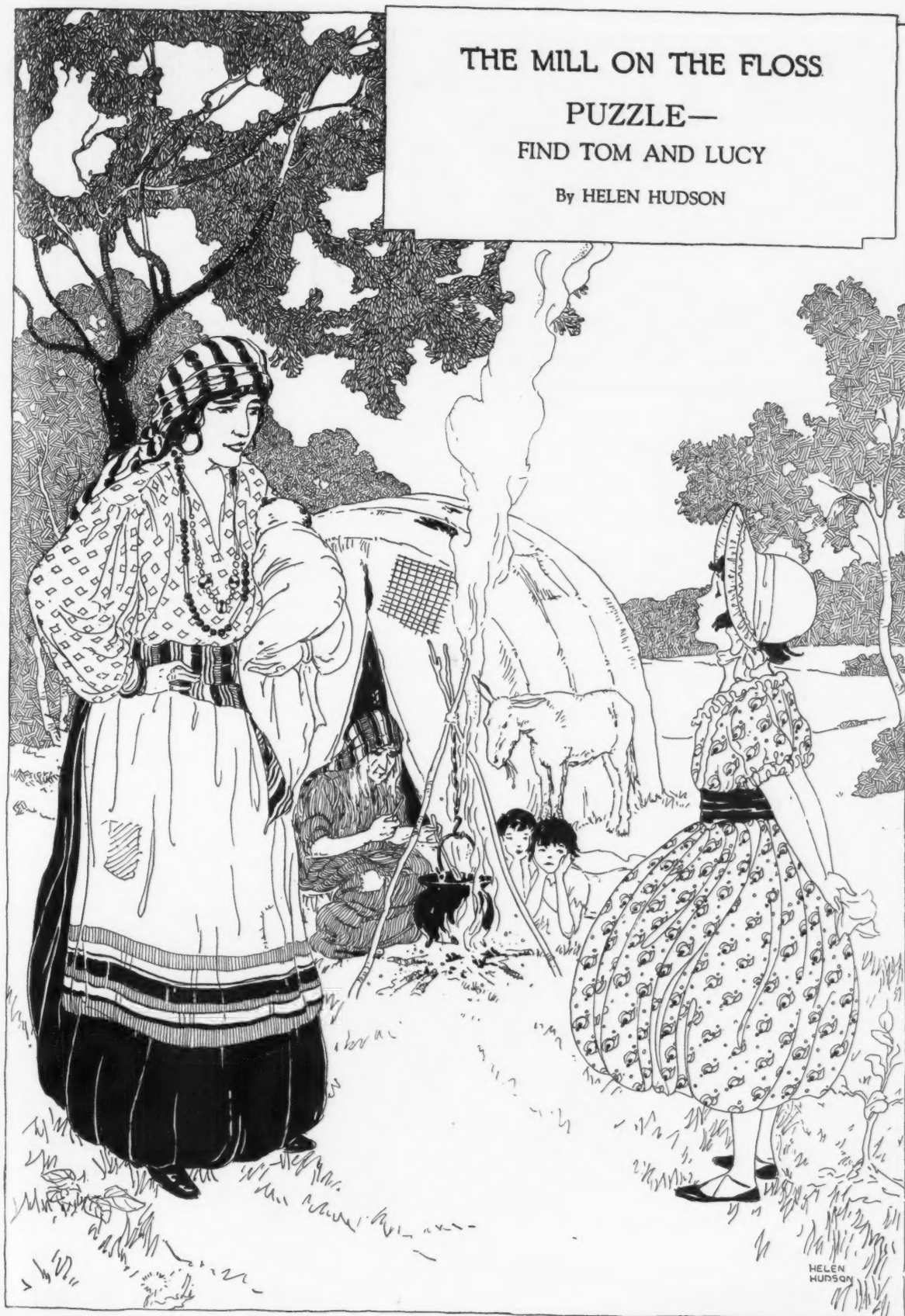
Oh, how Sally cried when the fishing party disappeared around a bend in the creek. Even Betty could not quiet her, and finally Sally Lou's mother found Betty behind the tent wiping her eyes. Then she went and whispered to Sally, "You're making Betty homesick. You know we promised Aunty Blake that we would send Betty home if she was

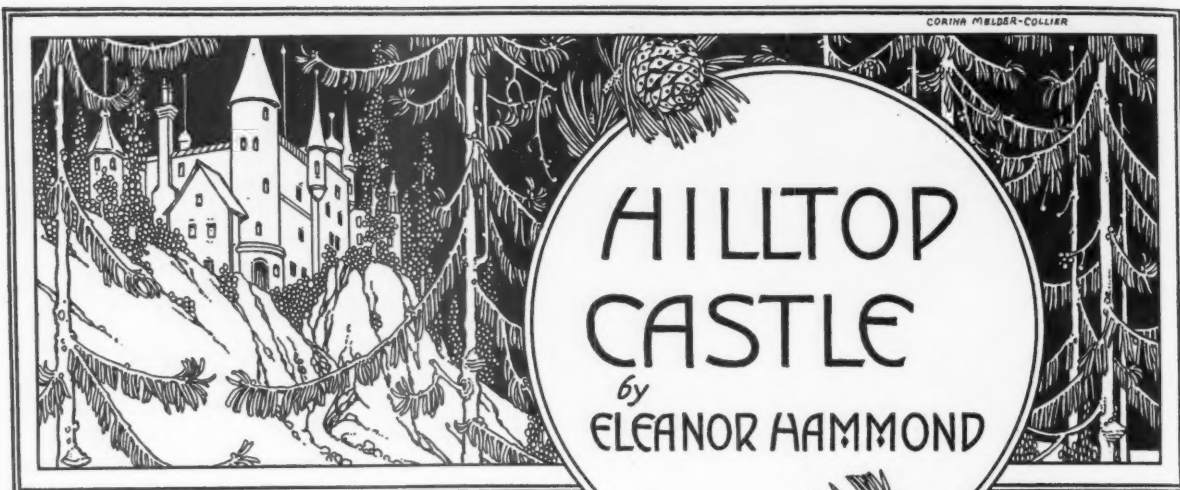
(Continued on page 498)

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS

PUZZLE— FIND TOM AND LUCY

By HELEN HUDSON





WHAT HAS HAPPENED

John, Joie, and their cousin, Georgina, whose mother and father are both dead, explore the hills beyond the boys' new home and discover an old brick house that looks like a castle. It seems deserted but, when they go in and climb to the tower, some one opens the door and they run away. Georgina drops her wrist watch as she flees. She valued the watch because her father gave it to her and it has her mother's picture in the back. The children have come back to try to recover the watch.

PART III. THE TOWER ROOM

THERE was no answer to Joie's repeated knocks on the castle door.

"I think they could hear that noise—even way up in the tower!" Georgina said. "What shall we do? Go in through the cat's door again?"

"It seems the only thing we can do—and we must

find that watch!" John said. "If we meet the person who was in the tower, we'll just have to explain that we couldn't make him hear!"

They had no difficulty in finding the little swinging door in the foundation through which the white cat had disappeared the day of their former visit. Even though the sun was shining outside, the great damp basement was dim and musty. The children hurried up the stairs to the first floor. They hurried toward the front door where they believed Georgina had dropped her watch, looking to right and left as they went. The big white cat did not cross their path to-day.

"It's the most beautiful house I've ever seen!" Georgina said. "I wonder why no one lives in it—at least all over it!"

"Probably the person in the tower doesn't really live here—just comes to look after the place sometimes—a sort of caretaker or something!" Joie suggested.

They had half a dozen theories about the house and the strange person they had caught sight of there.

"I believe Mother knows something about it all—and won't tell us!" John said once.

They were in the front hall now and they all looked about for the lost watch. It was nowhere to be seen.

"But I must have



dropped it somewhere here!" Georgina said.

"We'd better look everywhere we went the other day!" Joie insisted. "We aren't sure you dropped the watch by the front door!"

But, though they looked through one great empty room after another, the precious watch did not come in sight.

"We've looked everywhere we went before—except up the tower stair!" John said at last.

They looked at each other. None of them felt much like retracing their steps up those dark stairs.

"I wish I'd brought some matches!" Joie remarked. "We won't be able to see much there!"

Nevertheless, they tiptoed toward the end of the third floor hallway. There was no sort of sound from above. Joie volunteered to make the search.

"I'll go, too!" John told his brother, in a tone he tried to make brave and nonchalant.

Slowly the boys worked their way up the dark stairs, feeling along each tread for the missing watch. They reached the top without finding it.

"Do you suppose we ought to knock at the door and ask about it?" Joie whispered.

"Yes," his brother said, "I suppose we ought!" He raised his hand and tapped gently on the door at the head of the stairs.

Then both boys gave an exclamation of surprise. The door was swinging open. They stood looking into a small but cozily furnished room. For an instant they held their breath. No one was in the room. Apparently the door had been insecurely latched and had opened at John's knock.

"Do you suppose it's all right for us to go in?" Joie asked.

From the bottom of the stairs Georgina called excitedly. "What is it? What's happened?"

The boys beckoned her to join them. Georgina gave a little gasp of surprise and delight as she looked through the door.



"Isn't it the cutest place? Almost like a play house!" the little girl cried as they tiptoed into the tiny apartment.

Indeed the small room was most completely furnished. A cupboard with fine china dishes stood against one wall, and a little folding table before one of the wide windows. There were pictures on the walls and a square rug on the floor.

"It's just like somebody's little dining room!" Joie cried delightedly. "And look! There's a stair going out of that corner of the room—there must be another room up above!"

The lost watch was almost forgotten in the excitement of looking about the delightful tower. The children followed the curving stairway to the apartment above.

Georgina's mouth and eyes opened wide as she looked about.

"It's the jolliest room I ever saw!" Joie exclaimed. "Why, there's a fireplace and everything!"

Indeed it would have been hard to imagine a cozier place. The room was square with a wide window in the middle of each wall. The corners of the room were filled by bookshelves





with books piled nearly to the ceiling, except in the corner where the small fireplace stood. There was a big soft davenport taking up most of the room, and there was a walnut library table and a deep easy chair. Under foot a thick rug of rich blues and reds was as soft as wood moss to step on. There was no entrance to the room except the winding stair by which the children had entered. But out the windows they could see away and away over the tree tops to the city and the shining river and the far blue ranges of mountains beyond.

"It's the loveliest place I've ever been in!" Georgina breathed.

Just then a sound from the stairs below made all three turn.

An old man stood looking at them hard from under thick gray eyebrows. He was studying them intently.

"I beg your pardon, sir—" Joie began.

"You should!" The old man's tone was as sharp as his eyes. He seemed to wait for the children to go on speaking.

John swallowed twice and said, "We didn't mean to be impolite—we're looking for my cousin's watch. She dropped it the other day and we thought it was in your house here somewhere—by the front door!"

"What business had your cousin by my front door?" the old man asked curtly.

"Not any, I'm afraid!" Georgina's eyes suddenly brimmed with tears. "But we didn't think anyone lived in the castle here—and it was so interesting, just like a castle out of a fairy story—and we didn't do anything but look round!" One of the tears trickled down Georgina's short nose tickling as it went. Georgina dived into the depths of an overloaded pocket for her handkerchief.

The old man's tone was less harsh as he said, "Mistakes will happen. As a matter of fact, most people think the place is deserted—I

like them to think that! And it might as well be empty!"

Georgina saw there was something kindly in his sharp gray eyes. "Don't—don't you live here, sir?" she asked. "I think this tower's the most cunning place to live, I've ever seen—like a little house in itself."

The old man smiled a thin-lipped smile as he looked at her April face. People often smiled when they looked at Georgina. She was not exactly pretty with her shock of dark hair and great dark eyes, but she was sensitive and alive-looking.

"Yes, I live here!" he told her, almost gently, like a person not much accustomed to speaking gently. "If you call it living, all alone, with only cats and a housekeeper!"

"I suppose it's always sort of lonely—without any relatives of one's very own!" Georgina said. "But in such a nice place—so little and cozy—" She almost forgot how frightened she had been a few minutes before.

The old man smiled this time, a smile that looked as if it hadn't been used for a long time past. "Sit down!" he told the three children. "I don't encourage visitors, but since you're here you may as well stay a few minutes!"

He jerked round the easy chair to face them as they sat there in a line on the davenport.

"What are your names and where did you come from?" he asked them almost as if he was giving an examination in school, Joie thought.

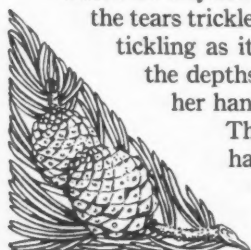
John, who always had good manners, answered,

"Our names are John and Joie Harcourt. We moved to Westport a couple of months ago. And this is our cousin, Georgina Harcourt. She's visiting us at our house down on Maple Street. We found your house one day when we were exploring the hill up here."

"And we followed a white cat in through a swinging door into the basement—because we didn't think anyone lived here!" Joie added.

At that moment, as if she had heard herself mentioned, a large white cat appeared at the head

[Continued on page 501]



THE ELEPHANT

NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

THE Elephant's the strangest beast
That ever I have seen;
He'll eat 'most any kind of thing
That is or has been green.

He'll find a drink in little plants
That grow on arid plains,
Or water seek in river-beds,
Where nothing wet remains,

By digging with his trunk and feet,
Until the crystal flood
Comes up to bid him slake his thirst
And cool himself in mud.

His home is in a tropic vale,
Or on a mountain-side;
Wherever fortune sends him, he
Can cheerfully abide.

Though large he seems, he yet can move
As quickly as a hare,
And on uneven ground outstrip
The tiger to his lair.

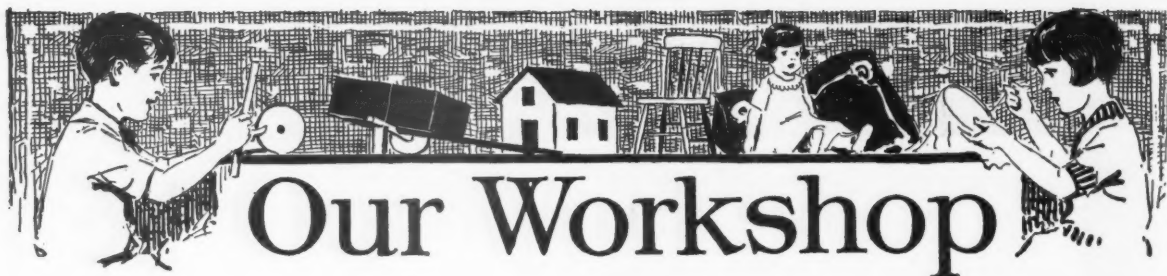
And more than this, you never find,
The beast lies down to rest,
Pursue him North, pursue him South,
Pursue him East and West.

He sways upon his sturdy legs,
And wags his flapping ears,
And asks no other way to sleep,
No matter what his years.

Oh, happy, happy elephant,
No couch for him is spread;
He never has to take a nap,
He *never* goes to bed!



Bernice Oelle



YOU would give a good deal to own a cave, I know, and for a long time I have been wanting to tell you how to make one like that shown in the illustrations on this page.

This back yard cave differs from what we generally think of as a cave, because it is partly below ground and partly above. The reason for making it this way is that it is safer. Oftentimes the roof of an underground cave falls in, burying people, and you must not take any chances of being hurt. This cave is dry, light and well-ventilated, and it has an interesting feature that most caves do not have—a secret entrance. The illustrations show where the entrance is, but don't give it away to a soul, except your brother or your chum, and then only upon his swearing to secrecy and promising to help you build the cave. When friends are allowed to enter, blindfold them before conducting them in.

Except for a few 2-by-2s or 2-by-4s for the wall supports, you should not have to buy material for the above-ground portion of the cave, because crating material and box boards will do very well. Then, at a plumbing shop, a paint store and a hardware store, you will also find discarded crating material.

The cave shown in the illustrations has a floor

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "Making Things with Tools," "The Boy Craftsman," "Homemade Toys for Girls and Boys," etc.

A BACK YARD CAVE WITH SECRET ENTRANCE

eight feet square. This is none too large, considering that the slanted walls cut down the head room. But you may change the size and any of the given dimensions, if you want

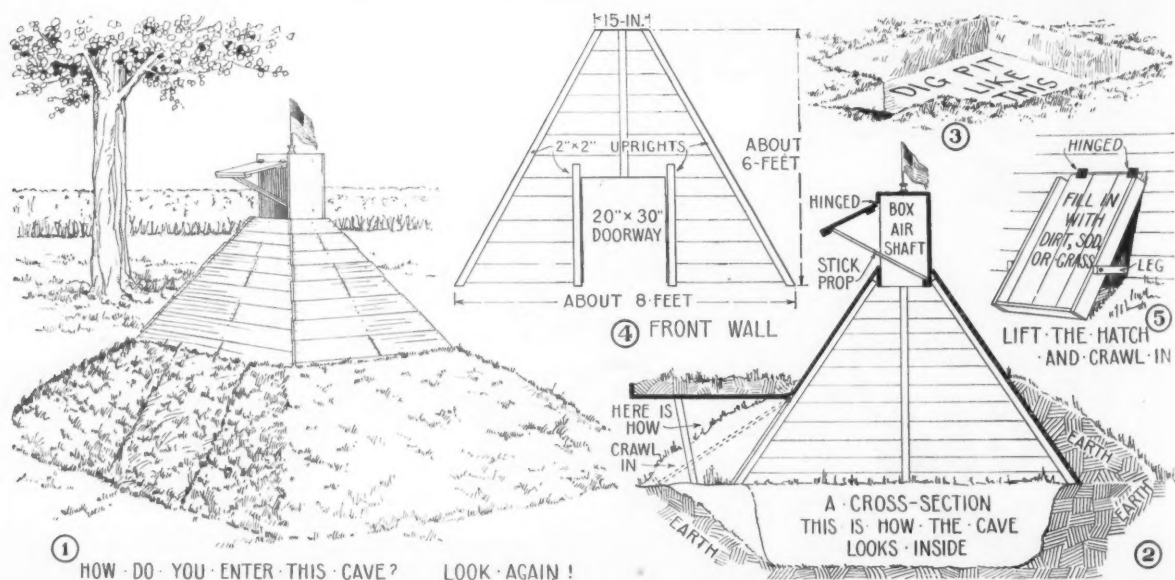
to. Figure 2 shows how the completed cave will look inside.

First of all, stake out the four corners of the cave. Then, inside of this space, dig a pit from twenty to twenty-four inches deep (Fig. 3). That is a deep hole, but you will need as much earth as you will dig out to bank around the wooden walls. Trim the sides of the pit straight. Figure 3 shows how to cut away the bank of the pit at the cave entrance, but this digging may be left until after the walls have been set up.

Figure 4 shows the front wall. Use a piece of 2-by-2 or 2-by-4 along each end, one in the center, and one each side of the doorway. Start the wall by placing the main upright pieces upon the ground with ends correctly spaced, then fastening them temporarily with boards nailed across their ends. Board up this framework, then mark out the door opening and cut it. Build the rear wall similarly.

Before setting up the walls, get a box that measures about 14 inches wide and 14 inches deep. The

(Continued on page 492)



How Hans became a happier dog



SUCH a change in the old Toy Shop! Almost overnight, the dolls became fresh and clean—and much, much happier. "Now, we'll be sold," said the Spanish dancer. "And I'll be left here, alone." It was Hans, the dog, speaking mournfully. "No one would buy a dirty dog!"

The dolls felt badly, for Hans was dirty. But the Blue Policeman said cheerfully, "He'll soon be clean, if we tell him our secret," and the fun began!

The Dutch Boy got out the washtub and filled it with water, and Hans stepped carefully into the tub.

"Remember—no hard rubbing," he said. "It's likely to wear me out."

How the dolls did laugh! "That's where the secret comes in," said one, and she showed him a bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. "Fels-Naptha will do the hard rubbing, and won't wear you out. It makes washing easy for us to do, too. You're going to be clean in no time!"

Sure enough, Hans was. He stepped from the tub as spotlessly clean as anyone there. "That's the nicest bath I ever had," he said, as he dried himself in the sun. "And Fels-Naptha has made me so beautiful once more that I'm sure I'll be sold from the Toy Shop as quickly as anyone!"

(Next month, we'll tell you who was sold first, from the Toy Shop!)

© 1928, Fels & Co.

There's extra help in Fels-Naptha Soap. By our special process, good golden soap is combined with plenty of naptha, the safe cleansing agent that "dry cleaners" use. Working together, these two efficient cleaners dissolve the dirt, and wash it away.

Fels-Naptha works splendidly in lukewarm, cool or hot water—in washing-machine or tub—or when clothes are boiled. It is gentle to the hands! For children's clothes, and the whole family wash, "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha." You can get Fels-Naptha Soap at the grocer's.

. . .

FELS-NAPTHA

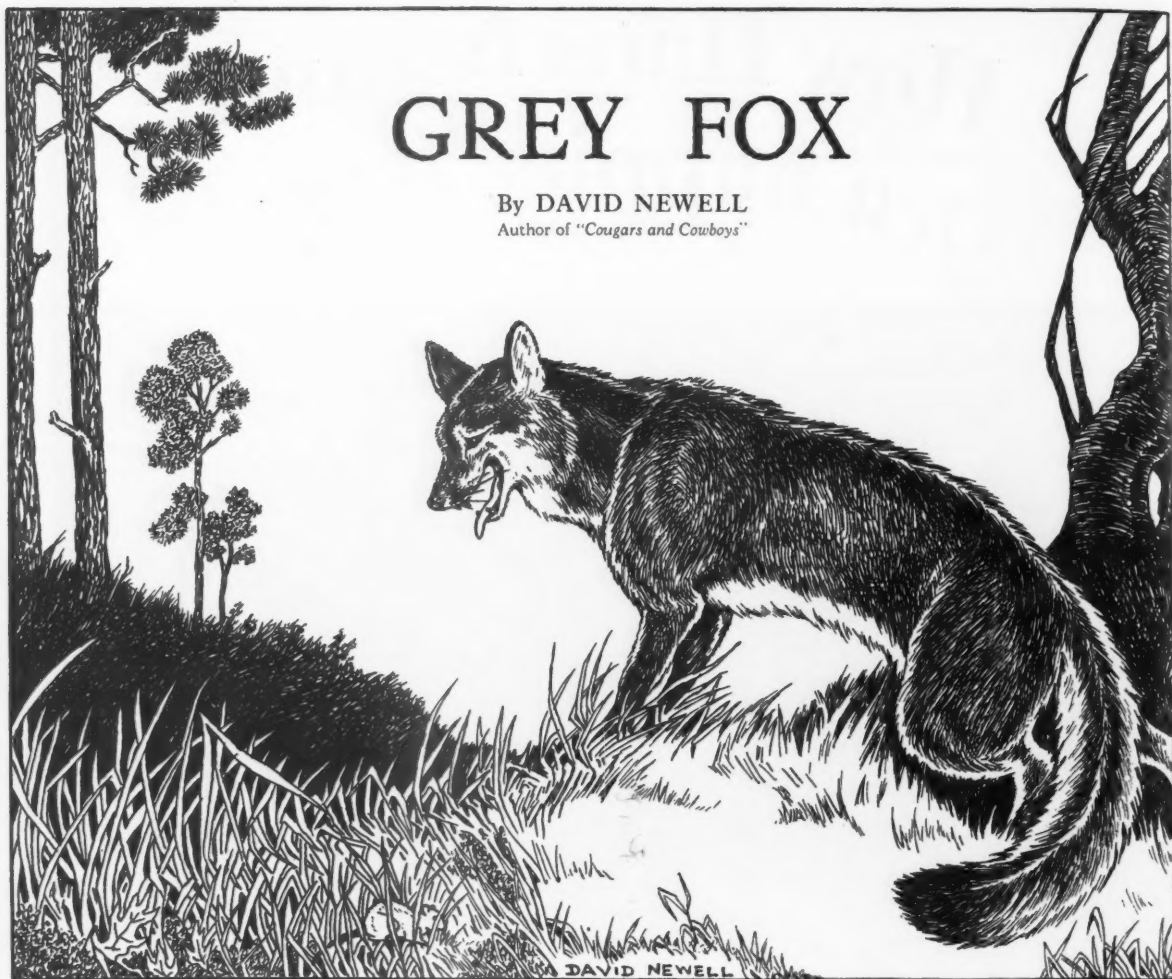
THE GOLDEN BAR

WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

GREY FOX

By DAVID NEWELL

Author of "Cougars and Cowboys"



LATE in the evening, when the bullfrogs begin to croak and crickets sing in the tall grass, Grey Fox leaves his den in the pine woods and trots across the fields to look for supper. (It's really *breakfast* for him, you know, for he sleeps all day!)

Every now and then he stops on a knoll to listen, just to be sure that there are no hounds on his trail. His pointed ears are alert for the least noise, and his little, black nose tells him even more than his ears do. As he passes along the edge of a peanut patch, a mere sniff tells him that a covey of quail has been feeding in the field, and he stops to lick his chops. Everybody knows that quail are good!

If Grey Fox is very careful and very quick, he may have a fat quail for supper, but if he makes the faintest noise, the quail will go whirring away into the tree tops. Then he will have to look along the edge of the marsh for frogs, or hunt for rabbits

in the briar thickets. Perhaps he will visit the farmer's chicken yard and steal a hen or a duck, and on the way home he will stop to eat some wild grapes for dessert. Of course, if it is in the spring of the year, he will not be able to find any ripe grapes, so he will have to be content with some juicy huckleberries from the marsh.

During the night Grey Fox may travel for miles and miles, but if he has good luck in his hunting, he will go to the pond for a drink and then curl up to sleep in a thicket. As a rule, he will have very little trouble finding a good supper, for he is mighty sly and quick. In the picture you see Grey Fox watching a patch of tall grass. He has heard a faint rustle in the grass, and his nose tells him what made the noise. He is standing very still, watching for something to move, but he hasn't seen it yet. Perhaps your eyes are sharper than his. What is Grey Fox looking for?

(For contest directions, see page 481)

Summer loss in weight— these children do not fear it

Mothers tell how they guard
them against this danger



Over twice the normal gain

When Berton was about two years old he refused to take any more raw milk. Berton's older sister was taking Horlick's Malted Milk and liking it. I tried it for Berton, and he loved it. Since then he has never given up his "Horlick's". People say, always, that Berton is one of the healthiest children they have ever seen. He gained thirteen pounds last year. I can never be sufficiently grateful to "Horlick's".

Mrs. Marguerite Bond
728 W. 181st St., New York City



Average gain of a pound a month

The baby specialist who regulates Elaine's diet, recommended Horlick's Malted Milk to supplement her other food, for though Elaine is healthy, she tended to be thin. Elaine takes "Horlick's" every day. She has gained six pounds in the last six months and is now in perfect health.

Mrs. C. J. Cregan
444 E. 66th St., New York City



"I thought he was just 'naturally thin'"

(Right) Stanford's teacher sent me a note that shocked me. Stanford was underweight! I thought he was "naturally thin." But it seems that there aren't many naturally thin first graders, so, at the teacher's suggestion we started the boy on Horlick's Malted Milk. He has gained since the first week.

Mrs. E. Dewey Paulson
551 Arlington Avenue, Berkeley, Calif.

VACATION time, with its long hours of strenuous play... its freedom from school discipline... its frequently irregular diet.

No wonder that many children suffer a summer loss in weight!

"This seasonal variation in weight," says an eminent child health authority, "does not occur in the face of prevention of fatigue, modified play and proper food."



Horlick's, the Original Malted Milk, is sold in both natural and chocolate flavors, in powder or tablet form

Mothers everywhere have experienced the value of these special summer health measures... this new attention to vacation play and diet.

They have learned that a supplementary food, such as Horlick's Malted Milk, does much to insure a summer gain, instead of the all too common summer loss, in weight.

Just as "Horlick's" is good for children who are underweight, listless, or "finicky" about eating, so it is an ideal vacation food for children of normal weight. It builds up resistance against illness. It gives them a reserve of health.

By the exclusive Horlick method of manufacture, all the precious elements of fresh, full-cream cow's milk are combined with malted barley and wheat.

Why it builds up quickly

In "Horlick's" the essential minerals and other valuable elements of the whole grain are retained. Also the vitamins which promote growth. Rich in high energy, easily digested malt sugars (dextrin, maltose), it is quickly turned into rich blood and firm, strong tissue.

Its use by physicians for more than a third of a century is an endorsement of its superior

quality, purity and unvarying reliability.

If you have children who are underweight, try giving them "Horlick's" regularly—at meal times or as an after-school lunch.

If your children are of normal weight, give them "Horlick's" to fortify them against the energy demands of work and play.

Your children will love its delicious, malty flavor. Buy a package today and give it to them regularly. Avoid substitutes. Insist upon "Horlick's"—the original and genuine. Prepared in a minute at home. Sold everywhere in hermetically sealed glass jars.

A nourishing, delicious table drink for adults. Induces sound sleep if taken before retiring. An ideal food beverage for invalids, convalescents, nursing mothers, the aged and infirm

FREE SAMPLE

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CORP.
Dept. D-11, Racine, Wis.

This coupon is good for one sample of either Horlick's Malted Milk (natural) or Horlick's Chocolate Malted Milk.

The Speedy Mixer for quickly mixing a delicious Malted Milk in a glass will also be mailed to you if you enclose 4 cents in stamps to cover postage.

Check sample wanted ☐ Natural ☐ Chocolate

Name.....

Address.....

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HORLICK'S

THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK



DO YOU remember our promise of last month?

To be sure you do! Who'd forget a promise? They are such sociable things, aren't they—promises! With remembering at both ends of them—the end that makes a promise and the end that remembers. Let's hope our Child Life cooks always keep promises, in the kitchen and everywhere.

We promised that the lesson this month should teach us to make something that would be good to eat at home and to take picnicing, and surely a delicious cookie is all of that! In addition it is sure to give extra pleasure to the many cooks who like to bake something. Summer is such a good time for a baking lesson. To be sure, the weather is likely to be warm, but with interesting baking on hand, who cares about a little heat, more or less? And in vacation time we can have a whole morning in which to work. So, plan on a morning when Cook is vacationing herself or else is working in some other part of the house; resolve to leave the kitchen *very* tidy, so she will not mind having you there in her absence—and make some of the best cookies you ever ate.

What sort of cookies are these to be—what is the name? Now that's for you to say. If you never named a cookie before, you are going to now. Don't you think that will be a jolly job for a summer morning? There is only one condition. You must make a batch before you choose a name. Make the cookies, then name them any name you think most

COOKIES

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Child Life Cook Book," "Junior Cook Book,"
"Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and
Jerry, Detectives," etc.



fitting and write that name atop the recipe in your cook book. If you want to send us the name you have chosen we shall love to get a postal from you, but please do not expect us to write a reply, for by the time your card arrives we shall be so busy—so very, very busy—working on another lesson that we just can't write. But we are never too busy to read your cards and

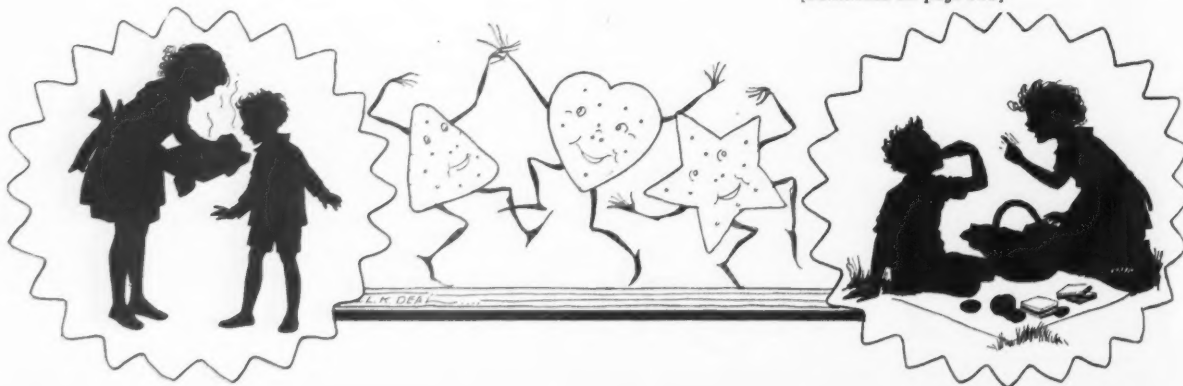
letters—dear me, no!

And now to work! We shall assemble our supplies first. We need shortening, a half cupful; sugar, nuts, raisins, eggs (three), flour, soda, salt, cream and a little orange marmalade or orange peeling.

Perhaps we had better talk a bit right here about that curious and very important ingredient called 'shortening.' Of course, you know it means fat, only it really is a rather more elegant word, don't you think? At least it is so considered. There are many sorts of fats, most of them good and wholesome, and there is a great difference in prices. Of all, butter is the most tasty and the most expensive. Most cooks think that butter is the best fat for cakes and cookies; certainly it would be hard to find a better one.

But manufacturers have learned to prepare other fats that make excellent shortening—the oil from corn and some nuts, the fat from beef and the oil from olives are the commonest sources of supply. All these are made in standard brands and good cooks now use them for cooking. So when you find a recipe which says 'shortening' you may know that

[Continued on page 500]

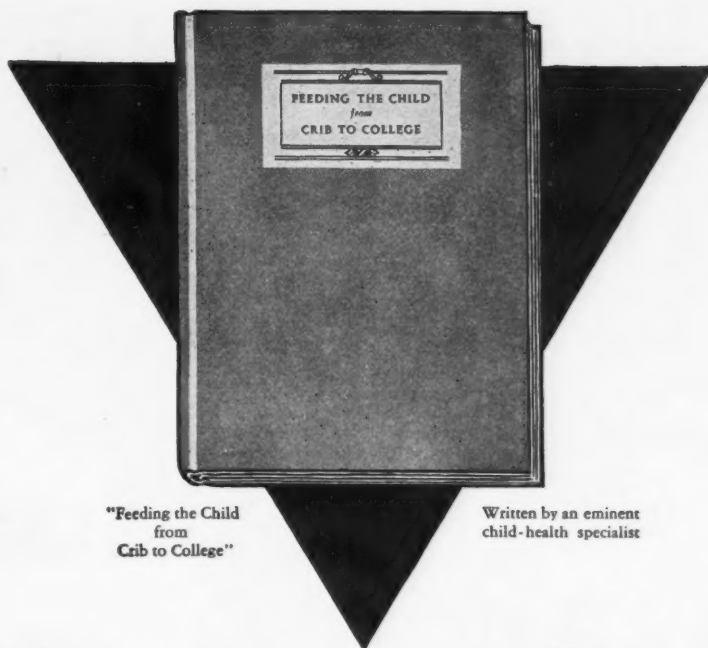


SECOND WILD ANIMAL CONTEST

WE KNOW that every one of you boys and girls will want to enter the second Wild Animal Contest which David Newell, the well-known artist-naturalist, is conducting for the readers of CHILD LIFE. For the first prize there will be a Vest Pocket Hawk-Eye Camera (made by Eastman Kodak Company) and an autographed copy of Mr. Newell's interesting book, "Cougars and Cowboys." The second prize will be an autographed copy of "Gougars and Cowboys," with a cartoon of the winner's favorite animal on the flyleaf. In addition, there will be honorable mention in the magazine for the next best contest papers.

Turn to page 478, and you will find a picture and a story about "Grey Fox." In each issue for the five months after that, you will find a picture of an animal enjoying one of its favorite foods and a story about the animal. There will be other foods mentioned, too, and occasionally a question will be asked. Each time, when you receive your magazine, make a list of the foods eaten by the animal whose picture you see. Also answer any questions that you find in the text, and if you know of any food that one of these animals likes, and that you don't find listed, be sure to put it on *your* list.

When the contest is concluded, send these lists, together with a letter of not over two hundred words about your favorite animal, to David Newell, care CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois, before January 12, 1929. The prizes will be awarded for the best lists, answers and letters. You do not have to buy CHILD LIFE in order to enter the contest. Copies may be read at our office or at nearly all public libraries.



"Feeding the Child
from
Crib to College"

Written by an eminent
child-health specialist

Every mother in America *should have this book*

**Just off
the press**

*Beautifully bound
and illustrated*

ONLY

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This new book on diet . . . written by one of the great child-health specialists of America . . . is presented to mothers at a nominal cost . . . a contribution by The Wheatena Corporation to the nation-wide movement toward growing healthier, happier and more robust children.

It tells in simple, direct language what every expectant mother should know about the needs of her unborn baby.

It suggests ideal menus for the nursing mother, and for children of all ages from "Crib to College".

It contains corrective diets for "The Under-nourished Child" and "The Over-weight Child", together with weight tables and a "Table of Calories".

Furthermore — this book includes many attractive recipes for making delicious, nourishing dishes for the entire family.

"The most helpful and interesting book of its kind ever published"—writes an eminent authority on diet. You'll agree when you read it.

Tear out and mail this coupon today!

The Wheatena Corporation,
Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

Gentlemen: I am enclosing 25 cents (wrapped in paper) for my copy of "Feeding the Child from Crib to College".

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CL-9-28

IS YOUR CHILD *trying to grow up on a half-ration of sunshine?*

DURING the warm-weather days, when they can play outdoors, your children receive sufficient of nature's sunshine to satisfy the demands of their growing bodies. It's the other half of the year—when bitter days keep them indoors—that holds such dread possibilities for little bodies. These are the days when their resistance is lowered against colds and other ailments, when they seem but a shadow of their summer selves. The reason is usually lack of *real* sunshine.

Medical authorities tell us that the cream of the sunlight is contained in the vital ultra-violet wavelengths. These invaluable rays help build sturdy bones and sound teeth in children—minimizing the danger of rickets. They increase little appetites. They send good red blood coursing through the veins. They are a powerful bactericide. Yet an ordinary window pane will keep them out of your house.

Four years ago a remarkable new window glass, which admitted these



tonic rays, was discovered. Aptly it was named Vita Glass. Since that time, varied scientific tests have proved that Vita Glass transmits the healing portion of the sun's rays. And since ultra-violet irradiation is reflected from the sky as well, even north windows are of value. Already, over 100 hospitals and sanatoria are using Vita Glass either in their children's wards, their sun-porches or throughout the entire building.

Why not give your own child the health that comes from unskimmed sunlight—this winter? You owe him a childhood brimful of sunshine. Let us send you the complete story of Vita Glass, its comparatively low prices, the ease with which it can be installed, as well as a number of important things you should know about ultra-violet rays. The coupon below puts you under no obligation.

VITA^{*} GLASS

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CL-8

Please send me complete information about Vita Glass and its use in the care of children.

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PHOEBE AND THE NEXT DOOR DRAGON

[Continued from page 468]

you like it?" and she held out a long straight pin with red shiny stones in it. "Maybe you'd like to trade for awhile."

"I can't trade," said Phoebe. "It's my mother's pin. I oughtn't to have it on."

"What's your name, chicken?" asked the man, and Phoebe told him. She didn't like either of them, somehow. The woman smelled of too many carnations, and the man looked like a bull dog. Between them and the dragon, she had never been so uncomfortable in all her life.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the man who seemed to think Phoebe could not hear anything except what was said right to her. "It must be H. P. R. Gregg's kid. They live near here. He'd give a pile more than the pin's worth to get her back."

"Get me back?" asked Phoebe, puzzled. "Why, Daddy doesn't know I came to the park alone. He's down town."

"Came to the park alone, eh?" repeated the man, with a queer smile. "Your nurse or your mother ain't with you, eh? Well, your daddy came home, and he wants you. If your father's Harlan Gregg, I'm a good friend of his. He told me to hunt you up and bring you

back in a taxi."

"Wouldn't you like some ice cream and a nice ride?" teased the woman, as Phoebe drew back. The man didn't look nor talk like her father's friends, but he knew the name. Phoebe didn't know that her father had a lot of money, so that many people knew his name who didn't know him.

"Come along, I'll carry you," said the man, getting cross. "Here, don't you be naughty," and he started to pick her up, as she pulled away from him.

But he only took one step, then his arms dropped and he stood still, for there was a low rumbling sound, as if a million huge tea kettles were beginning to boil all at once. It was Michael, standing beside Phoebe, growling and showing his teeth.

"Go away, good dog, nice doggie," said the man, but it didn't sound as if he meant it. Michael gave one bark, not like the gusty, breathy barks he gave when the young man played with him, but one short, sharp, angry bark.

"Come on," said the woman. "Don't try fooling with one of those police dogs. You might have known they wouldn't let her out by herself. I'd have had the pin, by now."

And they went off across the grass. Phoebe stood still, thinking. They said she wasn't all by herself, because they thought Michael was her dog, that he was there to take care of her. His owner had said he wouldn't let anybody touch the other little girl, and he wouldn't let this man pick Phoebe up. That was nice of Michael. Carefully, gingerly, she put her fingers on Michael. He didn't feel bad at all, rather like the chauffeur's winter overcoat. She put her whole hand down. Michael's tail began to wag. With a snort, he dashed over to the bush, gave a big jump, and the stick fell out. He brought it to her, and she felt it would be only polite to throw it for him, so she did, still a little nervous. Then she did it many times, and each time it was easier. It couldn't have been very exciting for Michael, since she couldn't throw it far

(Continued on page 504)



make room! make room!



WO-YEAR-OLD Betsy nibbles her breakfast. Ten little upper teeth and ten little lower teeth meet with a sharp little click. Two-year-old Betsy has "perfect occlusion", as the dentists say. Perfect "bite".

Chew, Betsy, chew! Make room for those ever-so-much-bigger second teeth that will be coming along in a few years' time. You want "perfect occlusion" of those teeth, too. But you won't get it if your little jaws don't develop properly. Give them exercise, Betsy! Chew!

Look around you, Betsy, at all the big boys and girls who are wearing "bands" on their second teeth. They'll have to go to the dentist every week or so for years—getting those crowded, crooked teeth straightened. They don't enjoy it very much, and it's costing their parents a lot of money. Take no such chances, Betsy. Eat plenty of crisp foods. Chew!

MOTHERS! Your dentist will tell you that many cases of crowded permanent teeth are due to lack of proper exercise of the jaws in early childhood. Give your young child plenty of food that must be chewed. Grape-Nuts is a particularly valuable food, because of its unique, irresistible crispness. Children delight to chew it thoroughly. They love its nut-like, malt-sugar-tinged flavor!

Grape-Nuts also helps to build sound teeth. Made from wheat and malted barley, it supplies phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; iron for the blood; dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is a splendidly balanced ration—and one of the easiest foods in the world to digest. Try it! Get it from your grocer or mail the coupon below.



Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.



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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

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Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with the booklet, "Long Life to Your Children's Teeth."

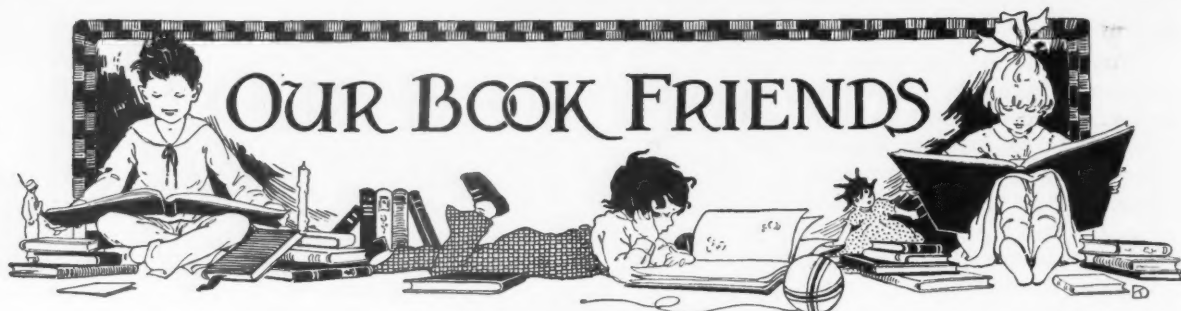
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In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, LTD.,
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.



By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library, Present Librarian,
Hamilton Junior High School Library, Long Beach, California

My dog's so furry I've not seen
His face for years and years:
His eyes are buried out of sight,
I only guess his ears.

When people ask me for his breed,
I do not know or care;
He has the beauty of them all
Hidden beneath his hair.

HERBERT ASQUITH—Pillicock Hill

IT WAS John Dolittle, you remember, who said that there were just as many different characters and types among dogs as there were among people—in fact, more. There was the Doctor's own dog, Jip, for instance, and there were Jip's two friends—Toby, the clown's dog, and Swizzle, the Punch-and-Judy dog. Eventually both dogs joined *Doctor Dolittle's Circus* and the differences in their personalities became more evident. "Swizzle (to look at, he was nothing but a common mongrel) had a great sense of humor. He made a joke out of everything. This may have been partly on account of his profession—helping a clown make people laugh. But it was also a part of his philosophy. He told both the Doctor and Jip more than once that when he was still a puppy he had decided that nothing in this world was worth taking seriously. He was a great artist, nevertheless, and could always see the most difficult jokes—even when they were made at his own expense. . . . Toby, the other, was as different from his friend Swizzle as it is possible to be. He was a small dog, a dwarf white poodle. And he took himself and life quite seriously. The most noticeable thing about his character was his determination to get everything which he thought he ought to get. Yet he was not selfish, not at all. The Doctor always said that this shrewd business-like quality was to be found in most little dogs—who had to make up for their small size by an extra amount of cheek."

Many are the dogs with a turn for fun. We have only to gaze upon Lois Lenski's drawings in *Jack Horner's Pie* to appreciate that. "Hey! Diddle, Diddle!" demands a difficult accomplishment of the cow. However, that does not matter. The big thing, after all, is to be appreciated. That the feat *was* appreciated no one doubts. Read the rhyme,

'The little dog laughed
To see such sport',

then look at the picture.

A healthy puppy never foresees the tight fixes in which his zeal for exploration may lead him. It is easy to understand what the master of *Jock of the Bushveld* meant when he wrote of his companion: "There was always something to learn, something to admire, something to be grateful for, and very often something to laugh at—in the way in which we laugh only at those whom we are fond of." There are many, many delightful chapters about Jock. It is sufficient to say that when you have sampled his inquisitiveness and have read about the pup's battle with the table leg, you will not put down *Jock of the Bushveld* until you have read to the last page.

Tyke-y wasn't a good dog at first. "That means that he didn't have a very good time. He chewed this and he chewed that and he chewed everything. He was taken out to walk on a leash, and he pulled, and he dragged, and he sat down instead of walking. It was not until he went to the country that he was a really good puppy. . . . Tyke-y had come to a little farm. He was the only dog on it; so there was a good deal for him to do. He had to keep the crows out of the corn. The scarecrow couldn't scare the crows. He was a foolish, one-legged man. . . . 'He isn't alive,' said Tyke-y, 'and can't scare the crows, so I shall have to.' Then there were the strawberries and the robins. In the strawberry bed a fat snake made out of a stocking reared up its stuffed head, and stuck out its red painted tongue. Tyke-y barked at it and barked at it. 'Hello!' he said, but the snake never moved. 'He isn't alive,' said Tyke-y, 'and he can't scare the robins, so I shall have to.' He jumped on the snake, and chewed it all to pieces. He shook it, and dragged it about, leaving a piece of it here and a piece of it there, and you would never know that it ever had been a snake or a stocking either."

To mention books is to recall dogs with a sense of humor. In *To and Again* there was Robert who was instrumental in getting an alarm clock for Mr. Bean. Now Charles, the rooster, would be in less danger of being fricasseed if he overslept and did not call Mr. Bean early in the morning. It was Robert, too, who allowed Jinx, the cat, to paint him with green stripes lengthwise so that the two

[Continued on page 504]

CHIP'S CHUMS

BY
MARJORIE BARROWS



1 The chums were getting along swimmingly in the Ole' Swimmin' Hole. But Bab, her doll, and Chip preferred dry land.



2 They were all so busy having fun that nobody saw a playful young puppy go off with Betsy Ann's sunbonnet and Dick's stocking.



3 Until Dick looked up, shouted, "Hi!" and chased after it, and Betsy Ann cried, "Bring back my bonnet to me!" and chased, too.



4 But the puppy held on tight to his prizes until a queer, growling creature sprang in front of him. Then he let go.



5 It was only Chip, dressed up in Bab's doll clothes, but once more he was the hero of the hour!

THE GIFT OF HOSPITALITY

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

DEFTLY and quietly Janet passed the silver tray holding cream, sugar and lemon; then, with a quick glance toward her mother to make sure that the minute was propitious, she passed the plate of dainty sandwiches. Her younger sister, who had waited at her mother's side by the tea table, then passed the bonbons and, later, assisted her sister in removing the plates and cups to the serving table in the dining room. It was all done with the skill that comes only with easy accustomedness and without one whit of self-consciousness.

"What perfect hostesses your children are!" said Mrs. Gillan, when the sisters left the room. "Yes, they are, and don't feel you have to pretend modesty about anything so important. We all have children, too, and we well know that beautiful manners like yours never just 'happen.'"

"Everyone of us wants to know how you did it," added Mrs. Fredrick. "Janet and Catherine are so easy and yet they haven't that pert, know-it-all air that some skillful children have. Nothing makes a child so nearly a bore, either," she added, vigorously.

"If you want the real story," began Mrs. Elmer, "it started some years ago. I went on a week-end visit where every single thing we did was spoiled by the obtrusive children of my hostess. Don't misunderstand me. I don't want children repressed and I do love their company. But it wasn't fair to my hostess. She had counted on the fun of a long anticipated visit with me and those children intruded into everything. Of course, it wasn't their fault, but hers—I knew that. Bad training and selfishness show up.

"Another visit, on the way home from the first, was spoiled by the fact that my hostess's maid had suddenly been called away and though there were children plenty old enough, they didn't turn their hands over to help out—as they might easily have done.

"I came back from my three-day jaunt, filled with new resolutions. Janet was then four and Catherine two and a half. I planned to give their little guests my best attention—not staying with them every minute but doing whatever I could to make them comfortable and happy while under our roof. I had always done just that, but never before had I made a point of letting the children see that I did it and why. Then I began to allow them the return privilege of assisting me with my guests. I made it what it truly is—a privilege, not a duty. At first, they could only help with wraps or do tiny errands. Always I introduced them, correctly, just as they learned to have me meet their guests."

"Isn't that a bit formal?" questioned Mrs. Gillan

thoughtfully.

"Not in the least," replied Mrs. Elmer, "if it's done in a friendly, informal way. It wasn't long till I took to serving something for their guests. That had to be done very carefully and with the previously-granted permission of mothers; not even for my training purposes, would I break into the diet plans of another household. But with permission, one may serve 'cambric tea' or fruit or bread and butter sandwiches or the like. I arranged a little tea table in the nursery for these feasts, and before they guessed what was happening, Janet and Catherine learned to pass things safely and to watch for the comfort of their guests.

"Then, one day while Nora was out, callers came unexpectedly and to my great delight, when I slipped out into the kitchen to put the kettle on, I found Janet had fixed the tray and Catherine was arranging cookies on a silver server—quite nonchalantly, too. 'We thought you'd want tea, Mother,' said Janet, 'and may we help if we try our best?'"

"I guess you were pretty thrilled," remarked Mrs. Fredrick appreciatively.

"I was, indeed," admitted Mrs. Elmer. "And I was still more thrilled and repaid a hundred times for the hours I had spent with them and their guests, when I saw the ease and thoughtfulness with which they attended my guests.

"Then one summer we took a cottage and I made a point of having many house guests. It's hard to do that in the city, as you all know. We had my guests and theirs and their father's and we all helped make the visitors happy and comfortable. But the hostess was responsible for her own (or his own) particular guest—we made that quite plain. The rest of us helped."

"I shall never forget Janet's face when she had picked up after a very charming but exceedingly careless guest. Tooth brush, hair brush, two dolls and some ribbons had to be packed and taken to the post office for mailing.

"When I go a-visiting," Janet remarked as she searched for a packing box, "I shall take a list of my things and check them off when I pack for going home." She really does, too—it made such an impression, vastly more than any conversation on my part could possibly have made."

"The same old story," said Mrs. Fredrick, slipping on her gloves. "If we could only have the wit and the courage to always let our children learn by doing instead of by being told. We all learn by living. We learn even the beautiful, gracious arts such as hospitality—it can never be preached. I, for one, am going home to start having tea on Maggie's day out. When practice has made us perfect, you shall all be invited to a party."



CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

CAMPING

WELL, one thing our last camping trip showed me," said David, "is that a fellow doesn't learn everything in school."

"We're not going to learn anything this week, are we?" asked Ben. "I came out on this camping trip to have a good time."

Miriam looked up quickly. "There's no reason why you can't do both."

"I'll say there isn't," said Bill. "And, listen, Ben, if you expect to spend a week in the wilderness and not learn anything—well, you have another guess coming, that's all."

The other members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League had gone camping before, but Ben Jarvis and his sister, Helen, had only been initiated for a few months and this was to be their first experience attending a league "meeting" which lasted for an entire week out-of-doors. The other times the boys and girls had had the loan of a cottage, but this summer they had decided to do some real camping, cooking in tents and sleeping right out under the stars at night. Miss Bradley, the counselor, and her brother, Jack, were the chaperons, and the children knew from past experience what helpful, interesting pals they were.

"I'll get the supper myself this first night," Miss Bradley offered

A GOOD CITIZEN

1. I gathered wood for a camp fire.
2. I learned the names of the best woods for camp fires.
3. After we were through with our fire, I threw water on it to put it out.
4. I went to the spring for water.
5. I was careful to drink only pure water or to boil it first.
6. I took only the necessary clothes when I went camping.
7. I made a list of everything I took to camp.
8. I checked the list before I left camp.
9. I helped pitch a tent.
10. I made a fire with no paper and only two matches.
11. I learned to cook a new dish over the camp fire.
12. I washed the dishes.
13. I took my turn tidying up the camp.
14. I did my own part of the work without asking anyone to help me.
15. I made a bed either out of saplings or out of leaves and grass.
16. I was on time for meals at camp.
17. I was careful to obey the grown-up in charge of the camp.
18. I was careful not to overdo while at camp.
19. I took a picture of a woodland animal.
20. I learned to read a compass.
21. I learned to tell directions by observing the moss and bark on trees.
22. I learned a new swimming stroke.
23. I taught another child a new swimming stroke.
24. I hung up my bathing suit after I came out of the water.
25. I kept a list of the birds I saw during one day.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizens' deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above. Write your name, age and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day record the date and your deed (or deeds) for that day. Send your August list in time to reach us by September 5th, if you want to see your name on the Honor Roll.

when the two cars had emptied their loads of children and camping supplies on a wooded slope near the shores of a small lake. "You youngsters build a fire and make your beds."

Bill and David gathered wood for the camp fire, and since the woods were still a little damp from a recent rain, they started it with an inner layer of dry bark from the birch tree near their camp. Then, when Miss Bradley had gotten supper under way, the members took their bags of heavy bed ticking, which their mothers had helped make, and filled them with leaves and grass for mattresses. The next day, when they had more time, Mr. Jack promised to show them how to make beds out of the cut saplings of a balsam tree.

That supper was the last meal the counselor prepared alone. Each of the girls—and the boys, too—took turns in helping with the other meals, and learned the best way to cook over an outside fire, just how to roast potatoes in the ashes, and what foods were best and easiest for campers to prepare. They also took turns washing the dishes, tidying the camp, going to the farmhouse a mile away for fresh supplies, and carrying the water from the pure, cool spring.

"I'll say there are lots of things to learn in camp," Ben Jarvis ad-



How school can come to you, wherever you are

MY HUSBAND had been appointed to a position in the African Congo. It meant a fortune to us but we hesitated to accept on account of the children's education. We were discussing the matter with our neighbors, the Blackburns.

"Haven't you heard of Calvert School?" exclaimed Ned Blackburn. "Our son, who is now an honor student at preparatory school, never went to school outside our own home for a single day, and with all the schools around us to choose from, we will never consider anything but Calvert Home Instruction Courses for our little girl."

"For thirty-one years," he explained, "Calvert, in its large day-school in Baltimore, and through its Home Instruction Courses, has been successfully teaching children from kindergarten to high school age. Thousands of boys and girls, in the United States and in fifty foreign countries, are now studying this way."

"The average Calvert pupil can prepare for high school in six years," continued Ned, "and with a much broader background of knowledge than is possible in eight years when the child is taught in large classes. No time is wasted. The child recites each lesson every day. When finished, instead of waiting for the slowest pupil in the class to catch up, he goes ahead to the next lesson."

"No special training or experience is required to conduct the courses. Each step is so clearly explained that anyone can do the teaching. The school provides books, lessons and materials and corrects the papers of each pupil, whether living in Baltimore or several continents away."

So we decided on Africa and sent for the courses at once. As soon as we were established in the wilds of the Congo, Barbara, Jack and I "opened school." It has been as interesting for me as for them, because their lessons include information which was never dreamed of in schools of our day. World history, literature, art, astronomy, geology—subjects such as these are given so simply, along with the usual "three R's" that a small child grasps them without an effort. I'm not merely satisfied—I'm delighted!

You will be too! Send in the coupon today.

CALVERT SCHOOL
18 Tuscany Road, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me full information about your Home Instruction Courses.

Name

Address



GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

mitted, the second day, when it was his turn to gather wood for the camp fire. With a great deal of effort he had brought in a number of spruce and cedar logs only to learn that snapping woods make dangerous camp fires. "All right, Mr. Jack. I'll find some hickory."

But the members of the league learned more that week than just the ins and outs of having comfort and pleasure on a camping trip. Before they left they knew how to fish and swim and handle a row boat—but they learned even more than that. They found that the wilderness has secrets for those who will discover them, and they became better acquainted with the birds and came to know their calls and recognize them by their plumage. They learned to identify the trees around their camp; they learned to tell directions by the stars in the dipper and by the moss and bark on trees. They observed the habits of the little woodland creatures who were their neighbors, and the boys and girls who were quick enough with their cameras took some very interesting snapshots. Most important of all, the wilderness proved to be a place, where each member must do his own part and cooperate with the others, if everyone was to benefit.

"It takes good citizens to go camping and really enjoy it," said Miriam wisely.

"And it makes us better citizens to go," said Miss Bradley. "It's just a circle."

"Then I move we have a circle every summer," Helen Jarvis suggested, and every member voted "yes."

League Membership

Any boy or girl, who is a reader of CHILD LIFE, may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE, Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

Honor Roll for May

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during May:

Lucille Bass	Ruby Holtdorf	Charles Pender
Mildred Blatecky	Mabel Johnson	Eleanor Porkorny
Ervin Boruszewski	Viola Kanis	Eleanor Prusha
Dorothy Buckley	Helen Kilgare	Joe Rausch
Florence Bunch	Norman Kingerski	William Riale
Bill Burianek	Angeline Klasinski	Lenore Rickey
Ethel Caslow	Dale Kruckman	Dwight Rose
Eva Caslow	Viola Kubista	George Rush
Caroline Celebucki	Herman Kunde	Wilbur Rush
Eddie Chojnowski	Robert Kunde	Victor Sandej
Irene Chodyna	Cornelia Kuntz	Dorothy Schold
Ethel Chronister	Edna Lake	Louise Selkirk
Florence Chronister	Lucille Laskey	Ruth Shattuck
Kenneth Chronister	Elizabeth Lewis	Harley Shotliff
William Chronister	Edith Martin	Helen Smolensky
Joe Czekay	Alice Miller	Jean Spall
Frank Dombrowski	Celia Miller	Mildred A. Spangler
Rhoda Frank	June McGamish	Helen Trojanowski
Dale Fuerst	Ethel McGuigan	Irene White
Mary Gaeto	Paul Nakel	Margaret Wilhelm
Regina Gajewaka	Ruth Nett	Charles Wilt
Helen Gminski	Arlene Nieman	Florence Wisner
John Grabowski	Verena Nieman	Homer Wood
Eleanor Grudowski	June Pacey	Helen Zaluska
Casimir Grzeskowiak	Verne Pacey	Genevieve Zbierajewaka
Bruno Guidotte	Alvin Pagel	Vivian Zergot

MICHAEL ANGELO AND THE SNOW MAN

[Continued from page 457]

"There is space and plenty of material. There is thy studio, then, lad. Put thy great skill to work and none shall disturb thee. I will tell my guests to-night the name of the snow-man builder."

Michael Angelo was glad to feel at last the cool air on his burning forehead—glad to be alone again in the gardens that he knew and loved so well. He stood quite still a long time, thinking of the great, kind man who had often talked with him here, striving to set aside the pain of the interview he had passed through. Then he looked at the sky and drew a long, deep breath.

"My art will win," he murmured. "Even in snow it will win." And with swift hands he set to work.

All day he worked putting into the growing white figure all the power and skill that he possessed. Slowly it grew under his fingers in all its strength and life, beautiful and true.

The snow limbs seemed ready to leap into action and the snow lips ready to speak. It was the figure of a youth, noble and strong, and the gardens seemed infinitely more beautiful for the presence of this new lovely white figure in their midst.

From time to time the young Michael Angelo would stand away and look up at what he had done, for even though his snow youth was seated on a pillar of snow he was far larger than the youthful sculptor himself, and to put the delicate finishing touches to the parted snow lips and modeled snow brows he had need of a stone jar turned upside down to raise him to his work.

At last the beautiful snow man was finished and Michael Angelo, forgetful of everything but his art, stood lost in a deep dream of delight.

It was done and it was good, and he had forgotten that to-morrow the cruel, warm sun would shine down upon his statue and melt it into nothing but a puddle of water.

A shout from above brought the truth all back to the poor, enraptured Michael Angelo.

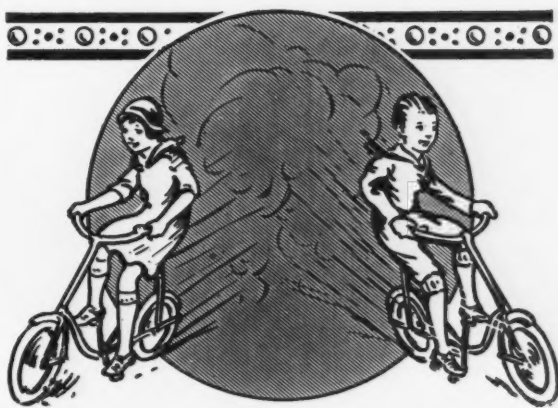
"I will come down to thee, lad, and see thy work if it be done," called Pietro from the balcony.

"It is done, my lord," answered Michael Angelo, but his voice shook, for he remembered that he had worked in snow.

He stood aside and waited and soon he heard them coming with laughter and jest into the snowy courtyard. Then they were there—gay in their scarlet and gold and velvet and satin against the pure white of out-of-doors.

"Ah-ha," cried Pietro, leading the way. "Where is this famous snow man, my little sculptor?"

Michael Angelo remained silent and erect, with serious eyes fixed on the young Duke's face. There was a kind of prayer in the boy's heart that Pietro would be noble and worthy of his great father who



—A-SPINNING—

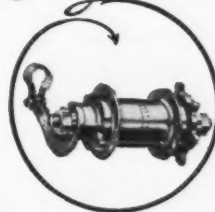
THE big, old world goes spinning 'round,
As big worlds always do.
And SCOOTER BIKES with merry feet
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The earth turns on its *axis* and
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had so often in these very gardens paid tribute to true art. He waited, very still and very eager.

Pietro stood and stared, and his companions formed a bright group of color behind him.

Michael Angelo did not notice the others—he looked only at Pietro's face. The mocking smile slowly faded from the young noble's lips, and gradually a look of awe stole into his eyes and then a look of sorrow.

"Not in *snow*," he suddenly cried. "Ah, tell me it be not made of snow. Alas, that anything so beautiful should ever fade away!"

He turned to Michael Angelo who stood with a hand pressed to his heart to ease its happy beating.

"Nay—nay. This is no longer a jest. Never in marble have I seen such beauty as thou hast wrought in snow. Come back to the palace, thou marvelous youth, and build true statues for me. Would to heaven I could keep the sun forever from its shining."

At the feast that night Michael Angelo sat at the right hand of Pietro and he knew that there were proud and wonderful days ahead for him.

To-day if you go to lovely old Florence you can see the mask of the faun's head that the boy, Michael Angelo, carved for the great Lorenzo, and you can see many powerful and glorious statues carved in marble by Michael Angelo when he grew to be a man and one of the greatest sculptors the world has ever known.

But the beautiful white snow man no longer stands in the gardens, for the sun did shine in Florence in spite of the proud Pietro.



THE STAR AND THE SEA

POLLY CHASE

ONE night I walked along the beach
And listened to the growly sea.
It made such rumbly-grumbly sounds,
They frightened me.

The waves reached out to grab my feet!
I almost cried. . . . when in the sky
A gentle star smiled down at me.

I did not cry.

Instead, I winked at that nice star,
And that nice star winked back at me.
And then we both made faces at
That grumbly sea.

DUNDEE GOES HUNTING

[Continued from page 465]

"It has been a wonderful summer," said Dick's mother. "I'm not eager to go home."

"Just think of having plenty of hot water again," said Dick's father.

"Ugh," thought Dundee. "Hot water! I like the river lots better. But it will be nice to get back to my house and regular meals and cats that I can chase."

If Jane could have understood him, she would have been very cross. And as for Ginger, it would have made her sad. But luckily no one could understand his naughty thoughts.

Perhaps when he got home he remembered how good Ginger had been to him and didn't chase any more cats. I am sure I hope so.



HIDING NUMBERS

By PRINGLE BARRET

CUT little squares of paper and number them: 1, 2, 3, and so forth. Give each child one piece of paper and ask him to add his initials to the number on it and then to hide it as quickly and as quietly as possible. As soon as each child has hidden his piece, he goes to a corner of the room and sits down quietly. When all the children are sitting thus, it is time to begin the hunt. The point is to find the number that follows your number. The child who finds the correct number first wins.

This game is interesting not because of itself alone but for the excellent opportunities it affords for variety. If the children are older than those suggested above, the game can be adapted to them. For instance, instead of finding the number which follows his own, he may find the number which, when added to his own, will produce 50 or 150 or 3,674—as you like. Or he may be asked to find the number which when multiplied by his own will produce a certain number, or divided by his own will produce a certain result. The children will have ever so much fun out of a game like this and will be learning something, too.

Of course, if you use the more difficult forms, you will have to write the answers out previously and hide them somewhere in the room yourself.



"Ooo - - - gah
Ugg - - - ugg!"

WHEN Bob and Betty were in Africa they took a camel ride into what everybody called the "Heart of Africa." It was very warm, but then their cork hats were very cool—and there were a great, great many things to see.

They saw the edge of the jungle—they saw several elephants—and they met a real cannibal. Only he wasn't a cannibal any more since he had reformed his ways.

He was just about Bob's age—and very black—and he could use a spear as easily as Bob did a pencil—and he could run faster than an antelope. But he never spoke a word, never a word except—"Ooo-gah-ugg-ugg!"

The first time Betty heard the Cannibal Boy say "Ooo-gah-ugg-ugg," she almost cried, for she said it sounded as though he had his mouth full of some kind of horrid-tasting tooth paste.

Then, if Betty could have spoken "cannibal language," she would have told him to use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—for he'd love the taste of it.

And Bob said if the Cannibal Boy used Colgate's he would say—"Ooo-la-la" instead of "Ooo-gah-ugg-ugg."

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OUR WORKSHOP

[Continued from page 476]

length does not matter. This box is to fit between the walls at the peak, to form a ventilator shaft. Remove one end of the box, nail a narrow board across the open top at each end, make a door out of the cover boards, and hinge the door to the box, and that will be the upper part of the shaft.

It is a simple matter to set up the front and rear walls, and to fasten the air shaft box between their tops, as shown in Fig. 2. When the two walls are up, it is only necessary to nail boards across their end edges, to complete the side walls. A center upright will be necessary to stiffen the side walls, and to nail short boards to.

Figure 5 shows a detail of the door. It is 4 feet long, so when it is closed it will slant the same as the earth banked around the walls. Narrow boards must be nailed to the edges of the door, as shown, to hold in the earth and sod that are to conceal it. Fasten the door boards together with battens nailed across the under side. Hinge the door to the head of the doorway, and pivot a pair of stick legs to the sides to support the door when it has been raised.

If you can get a roll of building paper or roofing felt, you can make watertight walls by tacking it to them outside; or, lacking the paper, you can tack pieces of old awnings, a tent, carpet or burlap bags to the walls.

When the walls have been completed, bank the earth around them, as shown in Fig. 1. At the entrance, it will be necessary to drive in stakes to keep the earth from falling away. If you can get some oats or grass seed, sow it over the banked earth, and you will have a green carpet before many days that will afford a natural concealment. Lacking seed, use grass cuttings, weeds or straw to help conceal the entrance.

Figures 1 and 2 show how to prop open the air-shaft door with a stick. A block of wood nailed to the box will support the lower end of the prop. A spool upon the box top will make a good flagstaff socket.

With a periscope it will be possible to see out through the air shaft. Next month I shall tell you how to make a periscope, and how to have fun with it.



THE SAW

ARTHUR KRAMER

I LOVE to bite a board in two,
And every time I try
I shriek delight with every bite
And make the sawdust fly.



THE MERMAID AND THE SEA HORSE

[Continued from page 461]

you bright yellow and then at least you'll look like a canary bird!"

The sea horse stopped to think. He didn't care about being painted bright yellow! Then he giggled.

"I'll sing," he said.

Triumphantly Clypsy lay back again on her sacks of gold, and the mermaids all sat very, very still.

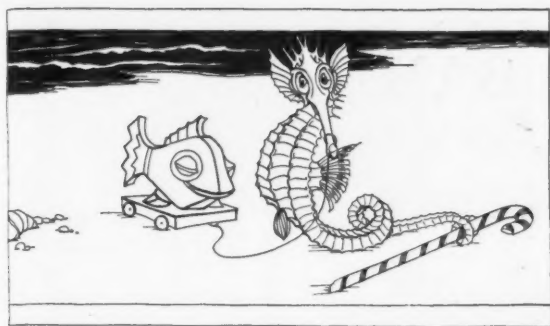
And the sea horse sang—in squeaks and squeals. It was simply dreadful, like a pig and a peanut roaster and a ten-cent violin.

The mermaids would all have taken to their heels immediately, but they didn't have any heels, so they had to stay.

"Oh, stop!" they cried, wringing their hands.

"I'm your sweet little canary bird," said the sea horse, and he sang again—like a cross parrot and





a hundred slate pencils and a calliope out of tune.

Just then the sea king came by in his chariot. "Stop!" he commanded. "My sea! What a terrrrrrrible noise! Jeremiah, is that you? What is the matter with you?"

"The mermaids said I must sing all day," said the sea horse demurely. "I'm sorry." And he began to sing, more screechily than ever.

"Stop him!" said the king violently to Clypsy. "Oh! My head!! Let him out! Give him tea and sandwiches! Tea and sandwiches, I said."

So Clypsy meekly opened the door and Jerry sailed out, but still he hooted and screeched.

And when the mermaids hurried to him with sandwiches and tea he shook his head and tooted louder and louder. They looked at the sea king and he was quite purple. Then they ran quickly and got toys for the sea horse and to their joy he hesitated in his screeching. Then Clypsy hurried up with a red and white candy cane, and when Jerry saw it he stopped singing. Oh, what a heavenly silence there was in the sea! Everybody gave a deep sigh of relief.

"Please never sing any more," they said.

The sea horse took his toys and his candy cane and ran away, and he laughed and laughed.

He went to the beach and he danced on the sand by himself in the rain and he never stopped laughing once.

"I was their sweet little canary bird," he said. Then he ate up the candy cane, and laughed once more, and went to sleep.



OTHERWISE

AILEEN L. FISHER

There must be magic,
Otherwise,
How could day turn to night?

And how could sailboats,
Otherwise,
Go sailing out of sight?

And how could peanuts,
Otherwise,
Be covered up so tight?

CIRCUS DAYS

By
Anne M. Halladay



The circus came to our town, with its animals and it went a marching up the street, and, my, but it was grand! The elephants were all dressed up, in silks and velvets fine, behind them came the lions in a line. Then the horses in their cages and the tigers and the bears and the monkeys were on so funny, and winked at me and you. And last the steam train in a gold and white, I thought about it all the day, and far into the night.....



BOTTLE BABIES

By GRACE MARIAN SMITH



WHEN Aunt Josie comes, she always tells us stories. So we were all ready for her the first evening, sitting around in a circle and waiting anxiously.

After dinner, she asked Ed if he would bring a big pasteboard box that was in the hall. Of course, Ed did and set it, as she told him to, right beside her on a chair. Then she asked Winnie to clear the top of the table, and she laid the cover of the box right side up on the table, so that it made a platform.

Bunce chose the story for her to tell—"Three Little Pigs." Aunt Josie said, "Once upon a time there were three little pigs"—and then, to our surprise, she dipped down into the box and brought up three tiny little pigs with curls in their tails, and set them on the cover of the box where we all could see!

"Who lived in a barnyard," she continued, and set out a barn and a tree and pighouse and put a fence around them.

"With their mamma pig," she said, and out of the box came the old mother pig!

Well, we all sat there with our mouths open, our eyes staring.

"One day the three little pigs grew tired and pushed their way under the gate, and started down the road to see the big world," said Aunt Josie, and didn't she help those pigs nose under that gate until they squeezed through and went slipping off down the lane! When they met the old farmer, there he was with his load of straw.

While she was setting up the straw house, she whisked the farmer out of sight, and the other two pigs went on until they met the farmer with the load of wood. The last pig kept going until he met the man with the load of bricks, and his brick house was soon up.

Then we began to get excited!

Sure enough, trotting down the road, came the old



wolf! (Aunt Josie pretended he trotted.)

She went straight through with the story even to Piggy jumping into the churn and rolling down hill—*bump-e-ty bump!*

Then she said, "Hallie may choose the story for to-morrow evening." And Hallie—you know girls!—chose Cinderella.

"That would be fine," said Aunt Josie. "But I haven't any Cinderella, or any fairy godmother, or any pumpkin coach with mice for

horses, or any silver slipper."

"Oh," cried Hallie, "you could make some, couldn't you?"

"Will you all help?"

"Of course," we shouted. "But what can we make them of?"

Then had an idea. It was Aunt Hallie's little gift to Mother—a bottle of perfume, and the bottle was dressed up to look like an old witch!

Bottles! Just the thing! There were dozens of them, all sizes, in the basement.

Aunt Josie showed us how to make the heads by taking a piece of cloth, marking the eyes, mouth, and hair with ink or crayon and stuffing it with cotton.

We gathered it in around the neck and tied it to with thread, letting the corners hang down. We stuffed these to make shoulders and tied it again around the middle of the bottle. Then we dressed it in crepe paper and bits of ribbon for the fairy godmother, and made a chariot of a walnut shell and decorated it with gold paper.

The next day was Saturday, and we washed bottles and tied crepe paper and bits of ribbon and velvet cloaks on them and found a plume for the Prince's hat.

I don't think you want me to tell you any more.

Hunt some bottles and try it for yourself. Perhaps you will make a better story than we did.



THE HOUSE THAT JEAN BUILT

By GRACE BLAISDELL GOLDEN

HELLO, twins!" called Martha Henby to her small brother and sister. "Jean has brought something that will amuse the family all winter, and you are going to have the treat of your lives."

It was a drizzly, rainy afternoon outside, and Jimmy Junior, and Emily, his twin, jumped up quickly when their big sister came into the room, followed by Jean, her house guest.

"Certainly, I'll make you something new," Jean assured them, dumping several mysterious-looking packages down upon the table, "if you'll get me three or four medium-sized potatoes and a few pieces of cloth and some scraps of silk."

A few minutes later Jean had spread newspapers on the sewing table. On this she placed a heavy corrugated box, which the grocer had given her, and a few rolls of crepe paper.

"I am going to make you a toy theater," she explained. "Did you ever hear of a marionette show?"

The twins were delighted. "Yes, indeed," said Emily, "only we always called them Punch and Judy shows."

Jean nodded. "Well, we are ready to start the building. First, we shall turn the box on its side, so the opening can be the front. These flaps that have served as a lid we shall leave on. The two flaps at the sides will serve as wings for our stage and help its appearance. The bottom one we shall fold straight down. We shall cut the top flap off so that it will be three inches wide and press it so it will stand upright. Upon this we shall print the words, "HENBY'S THEATER," right over the stage, you see. Now in the floor of the box let us cut a hole with Jimmy's knife. It should be about twelve inches long and five inches wide."

Junior produced his knife and politely opened it before offering it to Jean.

"After making the hole in the floor," Jean continued, "with the purple crepe paper we shall cover the entire outside of the box, so that it will look attractive. With the other colored paper I am lining the inside of the box, you see, so that it will look like the inside of a room. In the middle of the back we can put a fireplace cut from brown or black paper and by using yellow, orange, and red crayons we can color it to look as if there were a fire on the hearth. If you make an outside scene sometime, use the little twigs of cedar for trees."

Jean covered the floor of the theater with brown paper. From dark pieces of cloth a curtain was made that could be raised and lowered by pulling strings. She then turned the box around for inspection, for it was now finished.

"Isn't it too cunning for words?" said Martha. "Let's give 'Cinderella.'"

"All right," said Jimmy. "But how in the world do the actors get in?"

"Oh, we haven't come to that yet." Jean laughed and picked up the potatoes which Emily had just finished washing at the kitchen sink.

"These are the faces of our actors and actresses, children. With Jimmy's knife I shall scratch a mouth and eyes and, with a pencil, make the other features. We shall make Cinderella a gingham dust cap to match the dress we shall make her. Martha, will you please start the dress for Cinderella?"

"I'll be glad to, but what is her body to be



STORYBOOK PEOPLE IN PAINT

By RUBY SHORT McKIM



HANSEL AND GRETEL

No. 311

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Painting set—three colors, a bottle of medium and a good brush—number 311—\$1.10 postpaid.

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made of?" Martha looked perplexed.

"Oh, haven't you guessed? Look here." Jean took the knife and quickly cut a hole in the bottom of the potato and placed it on her middle finger.

"You see this potato is the head and my hand serves as the body of the puppet. Make a dress to fit over my hand, and one puppet will be finished."

While Martha's scissors snipped and her needle flew in and out of the gingham dress, Emily made a beautiful silk dress for Cinderella for the time when the Fairy Godmother would transform her into a beautiful lady ready for the ball. Then they began on clothes for the Fairy Godmother, Cinderella, the proud sisters and the other characters in the play.

Then, following Jean's instructions, Jimmy moved two chairs, with their backs toward each other, about two feet apart. Over these a large curtain was thrown, so that the players who spoke the parts, and used their hands as puppets, might not be seen from the front. Upon this was placed the theater.

"Children," said Jean, "you may be the audience, and Martha and I shall give this show. After to-day you will give your own performances."

The curtains were pulled to reveal Cinderella, in her rags, sitting beside the fireplace. Then through the opening in the floor appeared the Fairy Godmother. It was very real. As Jean and Martha said their parts, Emily and Jimmy nearly forgot that the actors were really just homely potatoes stuck on the middle finger of someone's hand. It was very funny to see Jean's second and fourth fingers used as hands and arms, thrust through the tiny sleeves of the dress. She could move them, so that her puppets looked very real. Also, by slightly moving the finger with the potato on it, the figure's head would nod back and forth as it talked. The marionettes appeared and disappeared through the opening in the floor.

The curtains were drawn and the performance was over all too soon. Laughingly Martha and Jean arose from their positions on the floor under the theater. The audience had grown, for Mr. Henby and his son had come home from their office and were standing in the doorway.

"Good show, girls, but we came in a little late," said Dick.

"Oh, we are going to have shows often now, since we have a theater all our own," Jimmy announced proudly.



WHERE?

POLLY CHASE

I wonder where the people go
Who whizz through town on the fast train?
I really want so much to know
Where all those silly people go.
Will somebody explain?

THE MAGIC GAME

By ANNIE CORNFORTH

DICK and Helen were visiting their friends, Alice and Betty, and because it was too rainy to play out-of-doors, Brother Bob had consented to show them a new game.

"I am the great magician," he said, putting a funny little paper cap on his head and twirling a long stick. "And no one can guess how I do the things you shall see."

They all watched Bob as he placed four chairs side by side in a row. Then he shut the door into the next room and said he must have a doorkeeper. "You can choose the doorkeeper," he said. "I'm going into the other room and whoever is doorkeeper can come and tell me when you are ready for me to begin."

The children "counted out" with the rhyme beginning "Eny, meny, miny, mo," and Betty was declared *it*. She hurried into the other room to tell her brother that they were ready to begin. In a few minutes Bob came out with the long stick in his hand and pointed at the row of chairs.

"You see these chairs," he said. "Now, when I go in the other room and shut the door so I can't see you at all, one of you may touch one of the chairs, and when I come out I will tell you which chair you touched. Betty can tell me when you are ready." Then Bob went into the other room and shut the door tight.

"You touch one of the chairs, Alice," said Helen.

"He surely can't see us," said Dick. "Go ahead."

Alice went to the row of chairs and gave a little pat to the chair which stood second in the row. She then went back with the other children, and Betty opened the door and told Bob to come in. Bob came in and, after whirling his stick around a few times, he pointed to the very chair Alice had touched.

"Now, somebody else try it," he said. "I can tell you which chair you touch every time."

Dick tried next, giving a little slap to the first chair in the row, and Betty told Bob to come. He whirled his stick as before and quickly pointed to the chair that Dick had slapped. Then Helen and Betty each took their turns, and each time Bob was able to tell them which chair had been touched. After trying a few more times, they gave up trying to guess and asked Bob to explain his magic.

"That's easy," he said. "Betty tells me which chair you touch by the way she calls me. When you touch the first chair, she calls, 'Come.' When you touch the second chair, she calls, 'Come in.' If you touch the third chair, she calls, 'Ready,' and for the last chair she calls, 'Already.'"

The children thought it over; then they burst out laughing, it was so easy.

The rain had stopped, and Dick and Helen ran home, planning to show the new game to the cousins who were coming to see them that evening.



By ELEANORE M. HUBBARD

THE STORY OF _____

_____ is famous as a child chiefly because of the sweet, serious dignity of the little face and figure in its quaint costume which the great Dutch painter, Van Dyck, made immortal. The full painting contained the portraits of _____'s brother, Charles II, and his sister, Princess Mary, as well as his own. However, reproductions often show just the head of _____, as it is a charming picture in itself. He was the son of Charles I, King of England; his brother Charles was Prince of Wales; and his own title was Duke of York. The colonists who settled on Long Island named the settlement New York, in his honor. When _____ grew up he became a stern and tyrannical king and people called him James II—but we shall always know him as the prim little baby in grown-up clothes which the understanding painter gave us.



(Answer in September Child Life)

HUCKLEBERRY PIES

[Continued from page 470]

too homesick. She's crying behind the tent."

Mercy, how quickly Sally stopped crying! One big wail seemed broken in two. She dried her eyes and ran calling, "Betty, Betty, I won't cry any more. Wouldn't it be fun to go up on the hillside and play camping, and lost in the woods? Could we pack our breakfast in a basket and take it there, Mother?"

"Oh, I'd like that," said Betty, smiling.

What fun it was to take their morning dip in the pebbly warm pool, dress in their knickers and real shirts like Daddy's and climb up the mountain side where a low-cut stump, under a spreading tree, made a most suitable table! That was the nicest breakfast they had all summer, playing camping by themselves in the wilds. As the morning wore on, Betty Sue said, "Let's play we are lost in the hills and starving, and start hunting game and berries to save our children."

"That will be loads of fun," replied Sally, and they trudged higher and higher up the mountain, always remembering to keep within sight of the tent as Mother had told them. In a tiny, sheltered ravine they came to a number of bushes, blue with berries. Betty gave a delighted squeal.

"Sally Lou Clore, here is a patch of huckleberries, as sure as you are alive."

"Are you sure, Betty? Couldn't they be something else?"

"I'm sure as can be that they are huckleberries, but we must do as your mother said, and ask her before we eat anything."

"Well, let's hurry as fast as we can run and ask her," cried Sally excitedly.

But running over fallen logs and tangled underbrush on a steep mountain side was no easy task, and when they stopped to rest the girls formed a plan which caused them to giggle and hug each other and dance with glee. They would not tell Sally's mother about the patch, after all. They would show her one of the berries, and say they had found it on a bush, and ask what kind of a berry it was. If Mother said it was a huckleberry the girls would ask for a pail of water, and then, when they had climbed back up the mountains they would use the pail for picking berries, and give Mother a jolly surprise.

"You had better let me do most of the talking, Sally," said Betty, "for you might give the secret away by saying something you shouldn't."

"All right," agreed Sally. "I can tell what fun we have been having, and ask for a pail of water, and you can do the rest."

It was hard work to sober down and walk quietly into camp, but the girls did it, though their eyes were dancing and laughing.

"Mother, we have the loveliest camp," said Sally, "and we are playing lost and need some water. May we have a pail to carry it in?"

"You certainly may, though why did you not bring down the pail in which you had cocoa this morning?"

Now the girls had planned to use that pail also for berries, so Betty replied very quickly before Sally had a chance to say the wrong thing, "We came down another way" (which was very true), "and we didn't think of the pail when we started down" (which was also true). "And, Aunty Clore, see what I found on a bush. Is it a huckleberry?"

"It certainly is. A big, big huckleberry. It must have escaped Mr. Jack Frost. If we could find a patch of berries as large as this one, we could pick enough for pies in a short time. Perhaps if I am not too busy after lunch, we can take a tramp and see if there are any berries there. Did you see any signs of a patch?"

Betty did not reply. She had already started to follow Sally behind the tent. When there, they placed their hands over their mouths and doubled up in tiny heaps, shaking with laughter. What a joke they were going to play on Mother!

Up the steep hill they again trudged, digging the heels of their sturdy little boots into the slippery earth to keep from falling. At first picking berries was great fun; eating them was great fun, too. But by the time restless Sally had covered the bottom of her pail it had ceased to be fun. It was *work*.

"Let's play awhile, Betty," said she. "I'm tired of picking those old berries. You pick and pick and pick, and then your old pail doesn't fill up. I don't like it."

"Oh, Sally dear," pleaded Betty, "do pick a little while longer. Just think what fun it will be to surprise your mother and father and the boys. Maybe they won't get any, and even if they do, we want some, too."

"Well," grumbled Sally, "I will pick a little longer, if you will play then."

So when Sally's clumsy little fingers grew so tired they would not pick another berry, Betty played with her, and when Betty's nimble little fingers just wouldn't stay away from those luscious berries another minute, they picked berries again. It was hard work, too, for the sun's rays shone full upon the hillside, and Sally's little face grew almost like the reddest part of the huckleberries, and though Betty looked cool and sweet, she declared little streams of water were trickling down her back.

Had Mother not been so busy, she probably would have gone up the hillside and joined the girls; but she was baking bread, and making things handy and convenient about camp, so she was content with calling every little while, "All right, girls?" to which they would shout a merry reply. They stayed away all morning, and it was just as Mother called, "Lunch is ready," that Betty placed the last berry on the top of her heaping pail. Sally Lou had hers almost half full, which was pretty good for a little girl who did not like to pick berries.

"I will pour part of my pail into yours, so that we will have just the same amount," said generous

[Continued on page 500]

SON OF THE DESERT

(Continued from page 488)

"Mektoub!* It is written!" thought Abdul Aziz fatalistically. "I shall have to spend the night here. In the morning it will move. But what will Youssef and my mother think?" And he sat down to wait.

But right here the little golden donkey, the Son of Satan, took a hand. From where he was tied he could just reach the camel, and very quietly he went over and hung his small fuzzy head down beside the camel's great shaggy neck. What he may have said to the camel in some mysterious language which they both understood Abdul Aziz never knew. But in a few minutes, very slowly and with great dignity, the camel got to its feet and started off towards home.

The boy was so delighted that he took a few sous of his brush money and from a shop that was still open he bought some carrots for the Son of Satan. From that moment they were always together.

But one day Kadija sent her son on an errand to the town, an errand on which he could not take the donkey. When he came home at dusk he saw Youssef at the edge of the encampment, shading his eyes and looking out across the waste.

"Abdul Aziz," the man said, "your little friend, the Son of Satan, is lost. Not having you to play with he wandered away from camp—and he has not come back."

The boy's heart skipped a beat with dismay. When he had given Kadija her purchases he ran quickly to the edge of the camp and wandered disconsolately about as the night came down, peering and calling. But no little feet came running to meet him and no fuzzy head could he find to caress.

"To-morrow," thought Abdul Aziz, "to-morrow I shall surely find him!"

But it was a miserable boy who finally fell asleep on his couch of sheepskin.

(Part III of "Son of the Desert," will appear in the September issue of CHILD LIFE.)

* Mektoub means, "It is written."



WIND

MILDRED BOWERS

I WISH that I could see the wind,
Could look upon her face.
She walks across the tops of trees
With an unfailing grace.
So kindly is Her Majesty,
The smallest flowers and grasses
Bob up and down to welcome her
Everywhere she passes.



THE DOLLIES' TEA PARTY

DOROTHY ALDIS

WHEN we have tea I like to sit
And hold the pot and pour;
There isn't any tea in it—
But still there's always more.

And when I say, "You'll have some cream?"
Or, "Are four lumps too many?"
They're so polite—they never seem
To know there isn't any.

And when an empty plate is passed
They gobble up the cookies fast.



THE SAD SHOES

DOROTHY ALDIS

MY SHOES are lying on the floor.
They are not very new,
And I can't wear them any more
Because the holes came through.

They had a lovely time to-day
Scrabbling up a tree;
To-morrow they'll be thrown away
And cannot play with me.

They won't be here to lace or clean.
I wonder if they know.
I think perhaps they do—they lean
Upon each other so.



DUCKS

DOROTHY ALDIS

A PILLOW's good for somersaults.
Or a sofa. Or a bed.
But when a duck stands upside down
He likes a puddle for his head.



CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

(Continued from page 480)

you are to use butter or any of these other standard fats, whichever your mother prefers and keeps on hand in her pantry.

For utensils you will need two or three cookie pans, a mixing bowl, measuring cup, teaspoon, tablespoon, spatula, mixing spoon, measuring cup, flour sifter, and a sauce dish into which the eggs can be broken.

COOKIES

Into the mixing bowl put $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful shortening. (We hope you recall the correct method for measuring fat. Fill the measuring cup half full of cold water, then fill it with fat till the water comes clear to the top. That is, the fat thus measured makes the second half in the cup.)

Add 1 and $\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of sugar and beat with the fat till smooth and creamy.

Break two eggs (separately) and add to the sugar and shortening, beating again till all are well blended.

Add 1 teaspoonful of ground cinnamon and beat again.

Break into small bits enough nut meats to make 1 cupful and add to the mixture. We like walnut or pecan nuts best, but peanuts, hickory or any other nuts may be used.

Pick over 1 cupful of raisins and add, beating the mixture well till both nuts and raisins are well mixed in.

Add 2 tablespoonfuls of cream.

Sift together 2 cupfuls of flour with $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoonfuls soda and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt.

If you plan to use orange marmalade add 2 tablespoonfuls to the dough. If you use peeling, grate the peeling from one large orange and add it to the dough at this time.

Finally, add the sifted flour and beat till all ingredients are well blended.

Drop by teaspoonful onto a well-oiled cookie pan, being sure to put each cookie more than two inches from the next, as they will increase in size while baking. Cooks who have baked before will recall that we oil a pan by dipping a bit of clean white tissue in vegetable oil and then thoroughly 'painting' the oil on the pan as though with a tissue brush.

Bake in an oven set at 425 degrees till nicely browned, which should take about 12 to 15 minutes. Remove with a spatula to a wire cake rack (or spread-out tea towel if no rack is handy) and when cool pack away in a cookie jar.

This recipe may be varied by omitting the cinnamon and adding instead two tablespoonfuls of cocoa, or by omitting the nuts and adding instead a cupful of grated cocoanut. So you really have three cookie recipes in one.

If you like a soft cookie, put a fresh loaf of bread in the jar with the cookies. If you prefer a crisp cookie, pack away in a tightly-covered tin box.

These cookies are excellent with ice cream or with iced cocoa at a party; they are good with fresh berries or peaches as a dessert, and nothing is better for taking on a picnic than a box of them, freshly made. So we feel sure you will be making many a batch before the summer is over.

A SUMMER DINNER

Cold Sliced Meat	Delmonico Potatoes
Corn on the Cob	Endive Salad
Berries with Cream	Cookies
Iced Tea with Mint	

HUCKLEBERRY PIES

(Continued from page 498)

Betty, "but wait until you reach the bottom of the hill, for you might spill them."

Wasn't it a good thing Betty thought of that? Sally Lou was in such a hurry to show Mother the big surprise that she stumbled over a tree root, and slam, bang, over went Miss Sally, slipping and sliding down the hill. She was stopped by a tiny fir tree, and landed in a cross little heap, with the huckleberry pail upside down beside her.

"See, Sally, you didn't let the berries fall until you reached this grassy spot," said Betty. "We can pick them up in a jiffy, and they will be in the bottom of the pail, with my clean ones over them, even if there are sticks and pieces of grass with them."

Both girls worked like little beavers, and soon had captured the most of the runaway berries. Then Betty poured part of her fruit into Sally's pail so that they each had the same amount. You may be sure that the girls picked their way carefully down the rest of the hillside.

"Shut your eyes, Mother, for just a minute. There, now open them," said Sally, and right in front of her Mother saw two little pails almost full of the very biggest huckleberries she had ever seen. My, if her eyes didn't look like two great moons! Sally Lou and Betty Sue jumped up and down and screamed with joy to see her open them so wide. They had to tell their story again and again, all the time they were eating lunch.

"Well, you certainly have played a good joke on Daddy and the boys," she said. "You have brought the first berries into camp, even though they find a great many. Now, if you like, we will surprise them, and have pies all ready for our fishermen when they get home. You shall help make them. In fact, I think you can do everything except roll the crust. That is a hard thing to do at any time, and here in camp it is especially hard, as I shall have to use the baking powder can for a rolling pin."

So that afternoon Sally Lou and Betty Sue each took a pan, and with Mother's help measured very carefully flour and lard and salt, and poured it in the pan. Then they chopped it and chopped it with knives, and mixed in the icy water which Mother brought from the bubbling spring. While Mother was rolling the crust, Sally and Betty washed the berries almost lovingly. It had been hard work to pick them, and it seemed almost as hard to pick out every leaf and stem, every pine needle and blade of grass so that the berries would be clean and ready for the pies. That took so long, and it was such a task to arrange them carefully in the pans, that the afternoon was almost over before the pies were ready for the Dutch oven. After the top crust was on, the girls crimped the edges with forks, and then with a darning needle, Betty Sue pricked a whole design of huckleberries

and leaves on her pie, and Sally Lou printed in large wobbly letters: "Sally Lou Clore, her Pie."

Mother was very careful to have the coals over the camp fire just right, so that no harm should come to those unusual pies. They were finally baked a delicious, crispy brown, and hidden away where no prying eyes could see them before the proper time.

Darkness had long been upon the camp, before Father and the boys came in, so hungry and lame and tired from tramping that they could hardly walk. Each one had a number of splendid rainbow trout in his basket, all ready for the frying pan, but every pail was empty! Not one huckleberry was in sight!

"Indeed, the forest ranger was correct when he said this is a bad huckleberry year," said Father. "We caught plenty of fish, but have tramped and tramped the hills hunting for berries. Don found a half dozen or so, and brought them along so that the girls can taste them."

Don had been hunting in his pockets, and now carefully poured a few tiny berries in Sally Lou's hands. My goodness, at that Sally Lou and Betty Sue had to again run behind the tent, and chuckle and chuckle.

"He's giving us a taste," whispered Sally, "and we've already eaten so many that we feel like squirrels."

Mother fried the trout so quickly that by the time Father and the boys had bathed in the warm pool, and put on clean dry clothing, dinner was ready. It was just the kind of a dinner that hungry mountain fishermen like—crisp slices of bacon among the trout, fried potatoes, cabbage salad, flaky hot, hot biscuits with strawberry jam, and baked beans. The boys and Father were so hungry and ate so much that Sally Lou and Betty Sue became very much alarmed for fear there wouldn't be even a tiny space left for pie.

Sally Lou nudged her mother and whispered, "The surprise will be spoiled if they don't leave any room for it."

So Mother said, "Well, boys, even though you did not bring us any berries for pie, I have planned a dessert, so perhaps you had better stop eating, as it is something very good."

Sally Lou and Betty Sue hustled about and gathered the granite plates on which the family had been eating, and washed them carefully so that no taste of other food should mar the wonderful pie.

"Whew, but you're putting on style for campers, washing and changing the plates for dessert," commented Tom.

Mother drew the pies from their hiding place, and cut them where no one could see. On each plate she helped the chums place a quarter of a pie, with flaky, sugary crust, with blue juice oozing from its sides.

Such a chorus of cries as arose after one taste! Weren't Sally Lou and Betty Sue the heroines of the hour? Every one asked questions at once, and how

[Continued on page 504]

HILLTOP CASTLE

[Continued from page 474]

of the stairs and methodically began to wash her face.

"There she is! The very cat we saw!" Georgina cried. She held out her slim little hand and called coaxingly to the creature. The cat came toward her and rubbed against her leg.

"Are you sure it was this cat?" There was almost a twinkle in the old gentleman's eyes.

"Sure as sure can be!" Georgina was saying when Joie gave a sudden laugh.

"I guess I know why that cat was always getting round in front of us and why she seemed to be all over the house!" he exclaimed. He pointed to the stairs.

Another huge white cat was entering the room.

The old men chuckled as the first cat jumped into Georgina's lap and curled up there.

"Allow me to introduce Lady White and her daughter, Mrs. Snowball!" he said. "Her granddaughter, Lily, will probably be up here as soon as she knows I'm home!"

Georgina couldn't help laughing then. "What's the yellow kitten's name?" she asked, "and which one owns it?"

"The kitten hasn't been named as yet!" the old gentleman answered. "It belongs to Lily. How should you like to name it?"

"I'd love it!" Georgina clasped her hands delightedly. "And I know the nicest name for it! Let's name it Tigerlily—after its mother and because it's just the color of a tigerlily!"

The owner of the cats smiled. "Agreed!" he said. "And now shall we go and see if we can find Tigerlily while I have Mrs. Tucker, my housekeeper, prepare some tea for my visitors?"

They found round, good-natured Mrs. Tucker and the kitchen on the third floor, not far from the foot of the tower stairs. She declared herself delighted to prepare a "party" for the children, and soon they were nibbling crisp cookies and sipping cups of cocoa in the tower.

"It's all too good to be true! Think of all this fun being hidden in our deserted castle!" Georgina sighed happily. "It's just like rubbing a magic lamp and having things appear!"

The old man smiled across at her very kindly. "And you're so busy with your 'fairy tale,'" he said gently, "that you've forgotten all about what you came back here for!" He pulled open the drawer of the walnut table.

"Oh, thank you!" Georgina cried, as she took her watch from its hiding place.

It was not until they were all home again and Georgina was winding the watch that night, that the little girl gave a surprised cry.

"My mother's picture is gone out of the back of the watch!" she exclaimed.

(Part IV of "HILLTOP CASTLE" will appear in the September issue of CHILD LIFE.)

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With patterns.



DRESS

AT LAST Betty is ready for a happy month at camp! She has plenty of bloomers which are attached to underwaists, making them unusually comfortable; several pairs of pongee and rayon pajamas made and trimmed very attractively; and, last, a warm flannel

dressing gown which she will find very comfortable.

Pattern No: 6039—4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

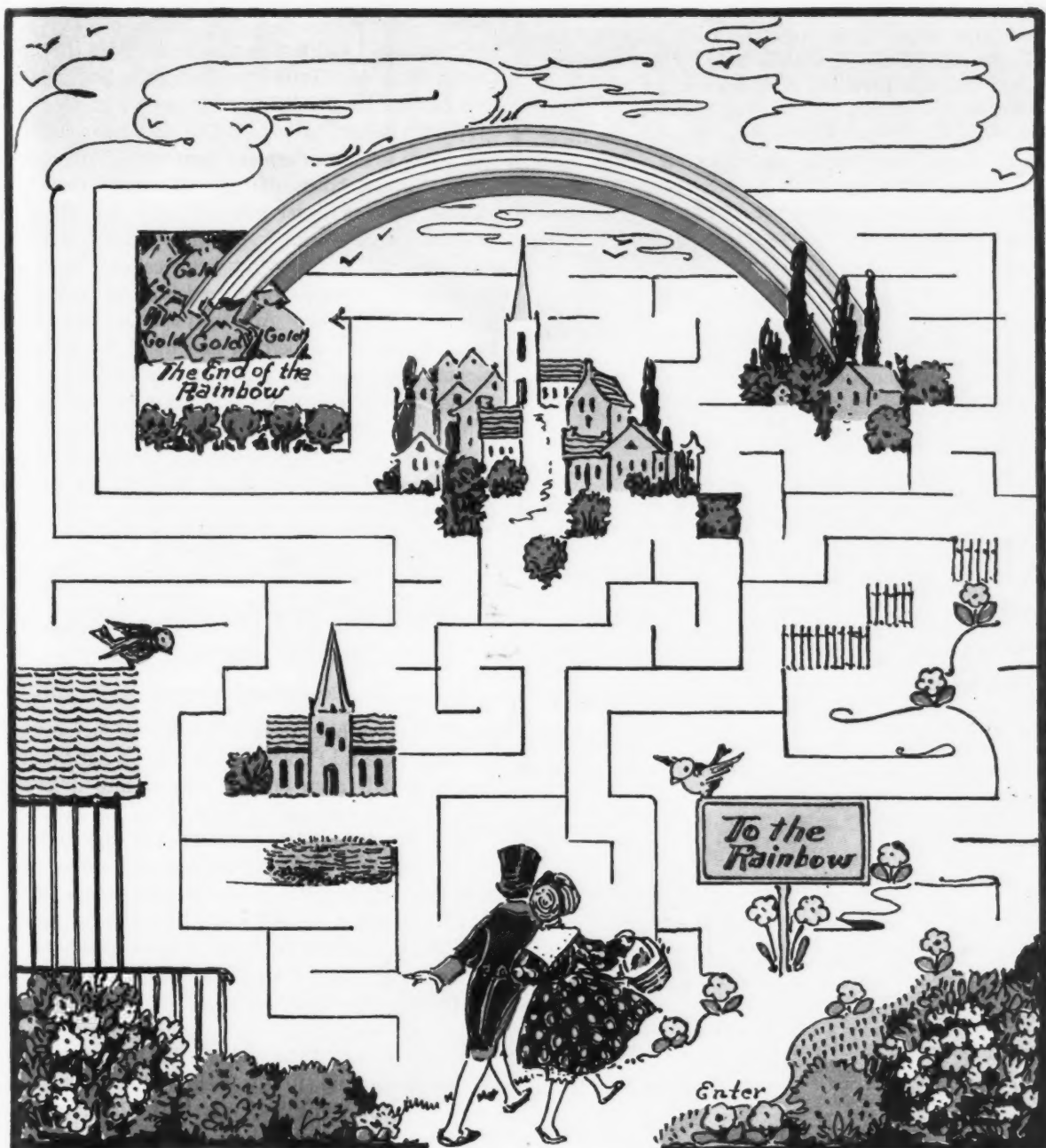
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Pattern No: 6129—7 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

All patterns are 20 cents each from CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

THE TREASURE HUNT

By BERTHA BLODGETT



HAVE you ever wished to find the gold that lies at the end of the rainbow? Many people have searched for it diligently but have never found it.

Up hill and down dale one will have to go with many a jolt and many a stumble. But there is the rainbow, shining, bright and clear, over the town and

over the spire and, when you have wandered far enough, you will come upon the golden treasure.

Rules of the Game: Enter the maze from the outside rim and proceed along the paths, without crossing a line, until you reach the arrow which points the way to the object of your search.

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

[Continued from page 484]

men with the guns would not take them prisoners again. In *Peter Pocket* there was Pickle Pup; we are glad that there is a whole book about *Sarah's Dakin*; there is much fun in *Puppy Dogs' Tales*.

Many dogs have written their biographies. There are records of dogs who talk. There are other dogs who are excellent companions but who lack conversational powers. If you love dogs, then these books are too good to miss. To someone these dogs have been friend and comrade. You will like them and understand because you, too, have bared your soul in confidence to one who could see and hear and feel, yet never tell.

YOUR DOG, YOUR CHUM

- Baldy of Nome - - - - - Esther B. Darling
PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
- Bob, Son of Battle - - - - - Alfred Ollivant
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK
- Book of a Naturalist - - - - - William H. Hudson
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK
- Book of Dogs - - - - -
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, WASHINGTON, D. C.
- Call of the Wild - - - - - Jack London
GROSSET & DUNLAP, NEW YORK
- Castle Blair - - - - - Flora Louise Shaw
LITTLE BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON
- Charlie and His Puppy Bingo - - - - - Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Doctor Dolittle's Circus - - - - - Hugh Lofting
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The Good Dog Book - - - - -
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON
- Greyfriars Bobby - - - - - Eleanor Atkinson
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
- Jack Horner's Pie - - - - -
Nursery Rhymes, selected and illustrated by Lois Lenski
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
- Jock of the Bushveld - - - - - Sir Percy Fitzpatrick
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Lives of the Hunted - - - - - Ernest Thompson Seton
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
- Peter Pocket - - - - - May Justus
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK
- Pillicock Hill - - - - - Herbert Asquith
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Pleasant Pathways - - - - - Wilhelmina Harper and Aymer J. Hamilton
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Poetry's Plea for Animals - - - - - Edited by Frances E. Clarke
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD COMPANY, BOSTON
- Polaris - - - - - Ernest H. Baynes
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Prince Jan, St. Bernard - - - - - Forrestine C. Hooker
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK
- Puppy Book - - - - - Robert S. Lemmon
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK
- Puppy Dogs' Tales - - - - - Edited by Frances Kent
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Real Story Book - - - - - Wallace Wadsworth
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
- Rowdy - - - - - Robert J. Diven
THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Sarah's Dakin - - - - - Mabel L. Robinson
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- To and Again - - - - - Walter R. Brooks
ALFRED A. KNOPP, NEW YORK
- Tyke-y - - - - - Elinor Whitney
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- When Mother Lets Us Keep Pets - - - - - Constance Johnson
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Wild Animals I Have Known - - - - - Ernest Thompson Seton
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
- Wolf, the Storm Leader - - - - - Frank Caldwell
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- You and Your Dog - - - - - Fred C. Kelly
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

HUCKLEBERRY PIES

[Continued from page 501]

Daddy and the boys laughed to think they tramped miles and miles and came home empty-handed, while the girls found berries at their very door.

"You see, I can find berries in the light, if I can't in the dark, Mr. Tom," bragged Sally Lou, and no one blamed her for being a bit important about it.

What a delightful evening that was, sitting around the camp fire, for when the men told all about the dandy fishing holes, and the big trout they had caught, and the bigger trout they had lost, the girls could tell some stories, too. Sally Lou told how she fell down hill, and how Betty Sue called, "Save the berries! Save the berries!" and they all gave three cheers for Sally Lou. And then she told how Betty had discovered the berries, and made her keep on picking when she was tired, and emptied part of her berries into Sally's pail. So, of course, they gave three cheers for Betty Sue. Then they gave three cheers for Mother because she helped make the pies, and last of all they gave three cheers for the *huckleberry pies*.

PHOEBE AND THE NEXT
DOOR DRAGON

[Continued from page 483]

enough to give him much of a run, but he seemed to enjoy it. And Phoebe felt as if the weight round her neck had fallen off and turned into a lovely present. She even felt a little sorry for Michael. He wasn't a dragon, but a nice big dog who couldn't talk or anything, and who had a good time by running after sticks till his tongue hung out and he got all hot. And she had wanted the dog-catcher to shut him up so that he couldn't even do that!

"I'm sorry, truly I am," she said, looking down at Michael, who crouched so that he could start as soon as the stick did.

"It's too bad, little lady," said a voice, and Phoebe looked up to see a big blue policeman, smiling and swinging his club, "but the dog ain't allowed here without a leash or a muzzle. Nice dog, I know, but it ain't my fault. I'm sorry, but them's the rules."

"All right," said Phoebe politely. "If we're against the rules, we'll go," and she started over to Oak Grove Street. Then she turned around and smiled at the policeman as if she was sorry he couldn't see what was plain as daylight to her and told him, "Michael really wouldn't hurt the park, though. He's only playful."



CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to
CHILD LIFE

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, Editor

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE MOON MOTHER

The moon is the mother of all the stars;
She lets them go out to play,
And when they are tired she takes them in,
And makes them sleep all day.

CHARLOTTE MARIE JOHNSON,
Taylar, N. D.

A RHYME

When I get up, I get up
And go down to play with Teddy;
When Mamma gets up, she doesn't get up
For she goes back to bed-dy.

Age 5.

ROBERTA WALKER,
West Lafayette, Ind.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have just come back from an outing to Canada, going to a few of the places we visited last year—Montreal, Ottawa, the Capital of Canada, and Quebec with its quaint, steep and narrow streets and funny carriages. On our way home we came through the Adirondack Mountains and saw many of the beautiful lakes, with their summer cottages and boats of all kinds.

At Au Sable Chasm we went to a silver-fox farm. It was very interesting, as there were quite a lot of other wild, fur-bearing animals. There was a pet raccoon fastened to a chain. We stopped to feed him. My brother was standing close to him, when the raccoon put his little paw into my brother's pocket, looking for something to eat. It surely was a cute trick.

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH V. GROVES,
Glenside, Pa.



PAT, MICKY AND BETTY PEAT

Dear Miss Waldo:

This snapshot is of my sisters, Micky and Betty, and of myself, taken on Main

Street, Kankakee, Illinois, where we go to school.

You will notice that the smallest of us is in the middle; that is because she is the youngest, Betty, and she was born in Vancouver, B. C., which is in Canada. Micky and I were born in Chicago, so we are Americans, but we are making Betty an American, too.

Our names are funny for girls, but that is because our mother was born far away in Ireland. We have happy times, and although we have traveled all over the United States and Canada with our daddy, while he lectures, we buy our magazine, and it has hardly ever happened that we have not been able to get it, even in the smallest towns. We enjoy the pictures and stories.

We have a home in Florida, which we like very much, and in summer we go to the beach at Michigan City, Indiana, but this year we have tried boarding school, and are happy in it.

When I was a little baby I lived in California, and often Charley Chaplin carried me in his arms. And on my first birthday, Marguerite Clarke sent me lovely pearls. I think it would be nice if sometime you could have stories about what these actors and actresses did when they were children. I like Tom Mix, too, and Tony, of course.

I am ten years old, Micky is eight and Betty is nearly seven. We are growing old.

We all wear our "Child Life" Good Citizens' League pins.

Your friend,

PAT PEAT,
Michigan City, Ind.

DOGS



Your puppy or big dog will not scatter his shedding hair all over the house if you brush him with these good brushes. They remove all loose hair and play-yard pick-ups. Good dog doctors say a brushing beats a bath. You will want a set of these special brushes for your dog. Set of two brushes for short hair dogs, \$1.00 with 13 cents extra west of the Mississippi and in Canada. Set of two brushes for long hair dogs, \$2.00 with 23 cents extra west of the Mississippi and in Canada. Please tell us what kind of a dog you have when ordering. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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Just write to:

CHILD LIFE Dog Department,
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

I may buy a dog. Tell your advertisers to write to me.
I prefer a grown dog ☐ A puppy ☐
We have.....children in our home. Ages.....

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Dear Miss Waldo:

I like animals very much. We used to have three dogs. One's name was Mugs and another was called Buster. The third one, whose name was Pete, was a prize winner. We gave him away.

I am sending a poem I hope you will print.

LITTLE JANE

There was a little girl,
Her name was Jane,
She loved to knock
On a windowpane.

One day her hands, they
Got so dirty,
Her mother made her go to bed
At five-thirty.

And after that day
Little Jane
Never knocked
On a windowpane.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN CHILD RAY,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

JENNIE WREN'S PARTY

"To-morrow will be your birthday, Jennie," said Mrs. Wren, "and you may have a party and invite some of your little friends."

"Oh, goody!" cried Jennie. "You are such a nice mother. There are so many birds I want to invite."

"You may tell me whom you want to have and I will write the invitations," her mother told her.

"Well," said Jennie, "there are Chirpy McSparrow, Sammy Jay, Redtop Woodpecker, Blacky Crow, Flyer Martin, Bess Bluebird, Carrie Cardinal, and, Mother, I do want to ask Red Squirrel, and Gray Squirrel, who live in our tree."

"All right, my dear," said Mother Wren, "you may invite the squirrel children. Now take this basket and go to the store and buy fifty cents worth of birdseed and nuts. Now run along and take baby Sally with you and I will write the invitations while you are gone." And Mrs. Wren hurried back to the bird house to get ready for the party.

Next morning everybody in the wren house was up at daybreak, and as soon as the acorn dishes were washed and put away, Mother Wren washed all of her children and dressed them in their best feathers. Baby Sally wore her brown pinafore, and Billy wore brown homespun. Jennie was very proud and perky in a new brown velvet gown. Mother Wren dressed all her children in brown. "Because," she said, "it is such an easy color to keep clean."

Baby Sally took her book, "The Naughty Little Wren," and Billy took his bird arithmetic to learn his tables, but he couldn't think what 9 birdseeds less 2 birdseeds were.

Dinner time came at last and at two o'clock the party began. My, what fun they had. They played games, bird tag, and robin-hide-under-your-wing, and many others. They had a flying contest and Flyer Martin won. For a prize, he got a sugar-coated birdseed. For refreshments, they had a big dish of corn meal, nice fresh bread crumbs, and each bird had a generous helping of birdseed, and for dessert they had nice juicy worms.

After supper they played more games and Chirpy McSparrow and Larkspur Meadowlark sang a duet.

At last it was time to go home, and each guest thanked Mother Wren and told Jennie that it was the nicest party they had ever been to.

MARY ELIZABETH CRAIG,
North Salem, Ind.

Written when 10 years old.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live in Carmine, Texas. I am very proud to live in the largest state in the union.

I enjoy my magazine very much and read every word of it. I enjoy "The Hide and Seek House," especially.

We had an old time slave to work for us, but he died a few weeks ago, so we have no more "Uncle Tom" (as we called him). I have a collie named Treve. We have a horse too; his name is Dallas. We also had a cat, whose name was Teenie. In our country we raise corn, cotton, sugar cane and watermelons.

I am sending you a picture of myself, my cousin Otto Brandt, Junior, and our big shepherd dog.

MARJORIE FRICKE,
(nicknamed Moppy)



OTTO AND MARJORIE

Dear Miss Waldo:

We live in Dodge City, the Cowboy Capital. Old Boot Hill is in the western part of the city where a schoolhouse now stands. The school isn't used any more, though. The big cottonwood tree just outside the city park used to be in the street, but now it is at the edge of the sidewalk. Dodge City is the center of a wheat region, being called the "Buckle on the Wheat Belt."

Yours truly,

Age 9 and 12. RUTH CASTANEN,
DONALD CASTANEN,
Dodge City, Kans.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I just came to the United States from Shanghai, China. I came to see my grandma and grandpa. I am having a lovely time here. I have a little sister whose name is Virginia. I have been across the Pacific Ocean five times and I do not get seasick often. In Shanghai we have a Chinese cook and a Chinese woman for a nurse. We call our nurse Amahs. In Grandma's house we live across from the woods and we hear the birds sing. I enjoy reading my magazine very much. Some of my little friends in China read it, too.

Your Joy Giver,

DOROTHY UPSON,
Quitman, Ga.

Age 9.

Dear Miss Wlado:

I have a brother who is sixteen but he likes to fool with tools. He said he would make me a doll house. He likes "Our Workshop." I like the "Child Life Kitchen" best.

I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. I go to Bancroft School.

FRANCES L. HALL
Kansas City, Mo.

FOREIGN LANDS

I'd like to travel far away
To Germany and Paris gay,
To Holland and the Zuider Zee
Where dikes keep back the raging sea,
To Switzerland where mountains high
Tower above me in the sky;
Then, China I would like to see
And drink a cup of China tea;
From there to Iceland I would go
Where the ground's piled high with snow.
But after all when through the quest
I think I'd like America best.

SUE HOLMAN,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I enjoy my magazine very much. I like the story, "My Pet Robin," and I want to tell you about our pet squirrel. There are many squirrels in Boise. We feed them peanuts. There was one little squirrel that came about eleven o'clock every morning and if we had not put any out yet he would climb up the screen and scratch until we came out and gave him some peanuts. He would take nuts from our hands. If we would give him more nuts than he wanted he would hide them. He hid a nut once and I tried to find it but I couldn't, even though I saw him hide it. We moved away from that house and we haven't seen our squirrel since. We feed the squirrels here but we haven't found one so friendly as our pet.

Your new friend,
ELIZABETH BRACKEN,
Boise, Idaho.

Age 8.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live in Greenville Junction, Maine, on Moosehead Lake. The lake is forty miles long and twenty miles wide. It is a great place for fishing, and is also the largest lake in Maine. I go fishing with my daddy in our canoe. We have a motor for it.

I am sending a picture taken with a six-pound salmon, which I caught myself



this spring. About a month ago my daddy and I went twenty miles up the lake in our canoe. We stopped at Rockwood, Deer Island and Hog Back Island. There were hundreds of sea gulls. I picked one up in my hands.

One day Daddy, Mother and I went to Bipogenous Dam in our car, forty miles up the Great Northern Paper Company road. Going through the woods, I saw three deer and several rabbits.

Lovingly yours,

MARION FARLEY,
Greenville Junction, Maine.

Age 10.

PLAYING THE GAME

Alan's mother came to the gate to see him off. "Good-bye, Alan, do your best!" she called out.

"Rather!" answered Alan, waving his hand. He ran up the road.

Do his best? Of course, he would! Alan was playing in the school cricket match and was mighty proud of being chosen to play. He had been practicing with his father, who said he was shaping up well. His father promised that he would buy him a bicycle if his side won.

No wonder Alan was excited. On his way to the sports ground he had to pass a meadow, and as he reached it he saw a very old man leaning heavily on a stick. As he walked past, Alan called out, "Can I help you?" He said it kindly.

"Perhaps you will let me take your arm, little boy," said the old man in a thin, cracked voice. "This road is so hilly, and the wind is a little too much for me."

"Rather," said Alan. He knew he could make up the lost time by running when he left the old man.

But the poor old gentleman leaned heavily on Alan's sturdy arm and tottered along like a baby. In five minutes they were not half-way up the road, he walked so slowly.

Alan explained to the old man that he must not be late for the cricket match, but he didn't seem to hear him.

"Where do you live, sir?" he called in the old man's ear.

"Up the road, and some way round the corner," he answered in his thin, weak voice.

"I should be so much obliged if you could see me home. You look a very kind little boy."

See him home! And they were still a long way off! It only he could walk a little faster. Why, the teams would be already on the field, and the captain would be wondering why he did not come. Suddenly, the old man stumbled over a loose paving-stone and fell heavily to the ground.

"Don't leave me, little boy," murmured the old man.

"No, I will stay here," said Alan, and he sat down beside him, for he felt sure that someone would come that way soon.

Alan stared anxiously up and down the road during the minutes that followed. The minutes almost seemed like hours. Then at last, turning the corner, came a jolly-looking policeman, and Alan could have shouted for joy.

"I'll see this gentleman home, little boy," he said, after Alan had explained what had happened. Then Alan ran off, and flew as fast as his legs could take him to the sports ground, but the game had started.

"Why, it's you, Alan," said his teacher who was standing just inside the entrance. "You're not much good if you can't come up to time. We have put young Harold Banks in your place. Fortunately, he's putting some good balls over."

Alan bit his lip. How could he explain? He turned and made his way slowly home. His father opened the door.

"Bravo, Alan!" he said, patting his little son on the back.

"But, Daddy," began Allan.

But his father interrupted him. "It's all right, old man," he said. "You see, I came up behind the policeman, and he told me what had happened, so I knew you were playing the game, although it wasn't on the cricket pitch. So I went back into High Street and bought the bicycle I promised you. It's a beauty. And, Alan, we are very proud of you, your mother and I."

And in the classroom next morning the boys gave Alan three loud cheers, as only school boys can, for they, too, had learned all about his kind act.

MARY LOUISE COXWELL,
Toronto, Ont., Can.

Age 10.



Dainty Health Shoes for Healthy Feet!

SIMPLEX Flexies are designed to help tender, growing feet develop naturally and healthfully. Flexies soles are flat. Feet rest squarely on the ground—legs are kept from bowing in or out. Snug fit at ankle and instep helps to hold legs straight and steady. Flexible soles and ample toe room let little feet exercise freely. Glove-smooth lining adds the final measure of comfort.

And, to cap the climax, Flexies are delightfully stylish—dainty, smart appearing; fashioned to please the eye of the beholder as well as the feet of the wearer.

Ask your shoe dealer for a free copy of the beautifully illustrated 1928 Simplex Flexies Style Book. And let him fit your children with these fine appearing, good-wearing, inexpensive shoes.

SIMPLEX SHOE MFG. COMPANY

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Creators of daintier footwear for young feet from 1 to 21.



A new Flexie feature is that these little health shoes may be had with a special moisture-proof sole that keeps feet snug and dry. Flexies are made in both high and low styles, in a great variety of leathers.

Simplex Flexies

KEEP YOUNG FEET YOUNG

Fill out and mail the coupon. It will bring you two very interesting, nicely illustrated booklets—one for your information and one for the children's entertainment.



Gentlemen: Send me the name of nearest Flexies dealer—also your booklet "The Care of Baby's Feet," explaining the six fundamental features to look for in children's shoes, and "The Tale of Brownie Lightfoot," a fairy story for the kiddies.

Name

Address E-88

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Doctors buy them for their children because they aid in developing leg and stomach muscles. Kangru-Springshus are perfectly safe.

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Go to your DEALER
If he can't supply you—SEND COUPON

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E. EVALYN GRUMBINE
Advertising Manager, CHILD LIFE

Merchandising Division, CHILD LIFE
536 South Clark Street
Chicago, Illinois

I am interested in your plan by which I may turn my spare time into dollars. Tell me about it.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have a piano. I practice every day. I have a doll. I love her. Her name is Ruth. She sits on a little chair every day. I have a little hen. She is fat.

HELEN M. SMITH,
Williams, Ind.

Age 6.

Dear Miss Waldo:

As soon as Daddy brings my magazine, I start reading it, and it is very hard for me to stop until I am through.

I was born in Denver and we have lived in Monte Vista about eight years.

Monte Vista used to be a lake. It is now surrounded by mountains. Other towns are in these mountains, too. The towns that are in these mountains are in a place called the San Luis Valley. The San Luis Valley is three times as large as Connecticut. Monte Vista is a Spanish name for Mountain View.

There are some neighbor children here, a girl and boy, whom I play with quite a bit. We were walking along a certain place where some bushes were and we made a little house which we call our club house. We made a secret club and made some secret hiding places and named it the T. H. P. C. Club. We are all supposed to be pirates with different colors for names. We initiated Barbara Jean, my sister, and she is a member, too. I would like to tell you more about it and maybe I can, but it is supposed to be a secret.

A new member,

LILLIAN FRANCES PETERS,
Monte Vista, Colo.

Age 11.

OUR VACATION

Last summer my mother, daddy and I went on an automobile trip to see my uncle in the Adirondacks. While we were there we took a trip to Lake Placid to see a fox farm. On this farm they kept red, gray, silver, white and black foxes. They also had a gray wolf, a lynx, some skunks, weasels and some funny raccoons, also a few police dog puppies.

The foxes licked my daddy's finger when he put it through the bars of their cage. The lynx was very ugly and would not make friends with us. I thought the raccoon was very funny when he washed his food before he would eat it. I wanted one of the police dog puppies but we are not allowed to keep dogs in our house, so I had to leave all those interesting animals behind us. But I have not forgotten about them and sometime I may visit them again.

HELEN KIERNAN,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Age 7.

THE DUCKS AND THE TURTLE

A turtle lived by a brook. He sat on a log all day long. He saw some ducks fly overhead and wished he could fly, too. Then he saw some more ducks swimming in the brook near his log.

The turtle said, "Good ducks, teach me to fly."

"We cannot teach you to fly," said the ducks, "because you have no wings."

The turtle said, "Two ducks can take this stick in their mouths and I will hold fast to the middle of it."

So the ducks took the stick in their mouths and the turtle held fast to the middle of it. Away flew the ducks high in the air, carrying the turtle with them.

As the ducks flew over the village they saw some men and heard one of them say, "Who was wise enough to think of the way to teach the turtle to fly?"

"I was," said the turtle, but he opened his mouth and so fell to the ground.

HELEN DORCAS WOLF,
St. Louis, Mo.

Age 7.

A COMPLETE OUTFIT FOR THE BEGINNING STAMP COLLECTOR \$1.00

The Imperial Outfit provides the beginner not only with a representative collection of stamps from many countries, but with the needed accessories. It consists of 300 Guaranteed genuine stamps from all parts of the world (sold with a money back guarantee).

The Imperial Album (more than 100 pages, board covers, 400 illustrations, spaces for 4,000 stamps), 1,000 high-grade stamp mounts, perforation gauge and millimetre scale, and 1 copy of the STANDARD GUIDE TO STAMP COLLECTING, a profusely illustrated guide book for the beginner. Complete for \$1.00.



SCOTT STAMP AND COIN CO.
1 West 47th Street, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I've just come from China. I was born there, but I have come to the States two times before. I can speak Chinese and I like it very well.

We left Foochow (that's the city we lived in) on a destroyer for the Philippine Islands last January, so I have been to Manila, too.

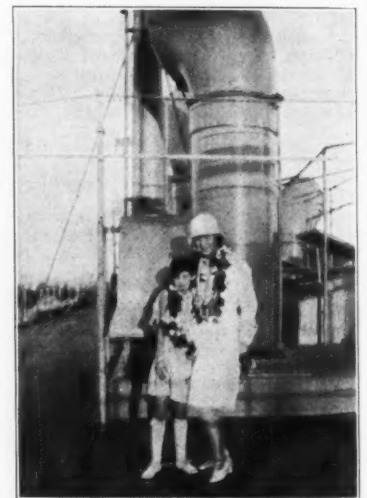
I'll write a little story sometime, and it will be about my dearly loved city, Foochow, China.

Here is a picture of me on the boat with a friend of mine. The things around my neck are "lais." These lais, a wreath of flowers, were given me when leaving Honolulu.

Yours truly,

MARY LOU PRICE,
Pasadena, Calif.

Age 10½.



MARY LOU PRICE
Pasadena, Cal.

FLUFF

I have a small kitty, and her name is Fluff. Her fur is as soft as a powder puff; She falls asleep in the funniest positions. And goes to the attic on hunting expeditions.

This little gray kitten in the morning will mew,

Will wake you up at half past two; She will lie in a chair, and stay, just so, And resents it very much if you make her go.

GENEVIEVE EVANS,
Shreveport, La.

NIGHT

The pale moon looks like a bow in the sky;
The wind whistles through the trees with
a sigh;
The stars peep out from their home on high;
The dog gives a long, monotonous cry—
Night!

DOROTHY RAE ROBINSON,
Age 11. Waterloo, Iowa.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I certainly was glad to receive your letter and with it the membership card. One of my girl friends belongs to the Joy Givers' Club. I am a native of Chicago and proud of it. We came out to California in 1925. Southern California is more beautiful in April than any other time in the year. The roses and most other flowers are out; the buds on the trees, and the new green leaves all blossom in April.

Monday after Christmas we went to Los Angeles and afterward to Hollywood. Coming home we stopped at Altadena not far from Pasadena to look at the famous Deodora trees lit up with Christmas lights. The trees are about fifty years old and their long sweeping branches are beautiful. Altadena means high Pasadena.

Redlands, the city I live in, is very beautiful. There aren't many people in it but it's growing every day. The streets and avenues in it are very pretty. They are lined with pepper trees, sycamores, cypress, Eucalyptus, palm, and others. It is called Redlands because the soil is red. Not all the soil, but quite a lot is red. The famous Smiley Heights aren't far from where I live.

I certainly enjoy my magazine very much.

MARJORIE BIGGS,
Age 10. Redlands, Calif.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I enjoy the Joy Givers' Club so much that I thought I would write a descriptive letter, as I love to travel and have traveled a good deal. I will tell about a trip my daddy, Aunt Lula and I took in the summer.

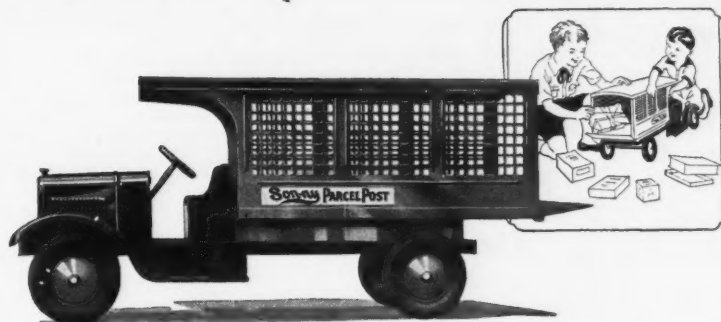
The first day we stopped at the San Jacinto battlegrounds and had dinner. It is quite a historic old place and is very beautiful. The last battle of the Texas Revolution was fought here, which freed dear old Texas. In the afternoon of the first day we went on to Galveston and spent the night there on the beach. Galveston is called an Island City, because it is surrounded by water. It is a very pretty city and has all of the attractions of a summer resort. Next morning we left for San Antonio. It is the oldest city in Texas and figures so much in Texas history. It was founded by the Spaniards. We spent two days and nights there sightseeing. Breckenridge Park is a beautiful park here. It has animals, birds and fish of all kinds.

We left next for our state capital which is Austin. The great granite capitol building, 317 feet in height, is the largest public building in the United States, except the Capitol at Washington, and is the seventh largest in the world. Construction was begun in 1882. It was built entirely of red granite from quarries at Marble Falls, Burnett County, Texas. The building has 258 rooms, 900 windows, 500 doors, and covers six acres, exclusive of the 21-acre grounds. The building cost the state \$6,000,000.

The Wren Library at the State University is the most notable collection in America.

I will close for this time.

Lovingly,
JEANETTE McDONNEL,
Age 12. Saratoga, Texas.



for a wonderful birthday ~ this "Son-ny" Parcel Post Truck

WITH its smart lines, its green and black body finish, its disc wheels finished in brilliant orange baked enamel, the "Son-ny" Parcel Post Truck is a toy no active boy can resist—a favorite, indoors and out! Built of the same heavy

steel as Dad's own car, and with no mechanism to get out of order, it will stand the hardest knocks. A "Son-ny" Parcel Post—the equal in size, strength and finish of much higher priced trucks—solves the birthday problem.

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All supplies are sent by us with the instructions and many have made \$25 the first week. Some society women have taken up this work for their own amusement. Either way, pleasure or profit, it's the most delightful home work you can imagine. Write Now for your copy of this valuable book; it's FREE.

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"The Childrens Bathing Beach on Your Lawn"
The American Wading Pool Co.
605 Wabash Bldg. - Pittsburgh, Pa.



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The Master Spelling Board

A great Child-Specialist's idea of a perfect Educational Board, combining every desired feature of a Reader-Speller-Counter Board. The "Master" playing for pre-school and older children. Diameter 14½ inches; double-sided solid fibre; no metal to injure child. Two small and one capital letter sets on one side; numerals and counting set on other. Every child wants one. Ask your dealer, or send us \$2.00; we will ship postpaid. Descriptive matter sent on request.

THE H. G. CRESS CO.
221 W. Water St. TROY, OHIO

Dear Miss Waldo:

It is indeed a great pleasure to write for "Child Life." I find the book a most enjoyable one to read, and a box of candy makes it even more so. Writing stories is my favorite pastime. Already, I have written four books (merely for my own enjoyment). When my aunt reads them, she says that if I keep up, maybe when I grow up I will become a famous writer, but I don't think I will ever get that far, because the height of my ambition would be to be a newspaper reporter.

Your loving reader,
AMY L. RANSOM.

A NIGHT TO BE REMEMBERED

Once last year in the dead of night, I was awakened by a strange noise. It sounded like something scratching. I racked my brains to think what it might be, but my brain refused to function. When I listened to it, it made me shiver and shrink farther back in bed. At last I resolved to be brave and clear the mystery. Rising, I made my way slowly down the hall. My heart skipped a beat and the hair on my head rose as something furry brushed past my legs.

I was stranded in the very middle of a nice long hall. At first my feet refused to work, and I stood rooted to the ground. It was only by a very supreme effort that I made them work and rushed back to bed. When I heard the same sound again, I tried to make the covers longer, so that they would cover my head, with the result that they came up from the feet.

Oh! The same furry object brushed past my feet. I looked up, and saw to my great consternation a pair of green eyes glaring at me through the darkness. With my last bit of courage, I made a dive, and knocked the unknown one off my bed. Next minute I regretted it, for a plaintive meow betrayed who it was.

AMY LOUISE RANSOM,
New York City.

Age 12.

TREES

There are trees in the valley,
There are trees on the hill,
There are trees by the lake,
There are trees by the mill.

There are trees on the mountain,
There are trees in the park,
There are trees in the forest
That make it look dark.

The children all love them,
And under them play.
Their shade is so cool
On a hot summer's day.

That's why we love summer,
The best time of all—
The trees are so pretty,
So green and so tall.

BETTY SCOTT,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Age 7.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live in Lakewood, Ohio, and have great times swimming. I spent two winters in Florida, where it was nice and warm and we could go to the ocean whenever we wanted to. The water is very dangerous, for the undertow takes you under so quick. Often when we were down on the beach we saw big animals in the water. They had three horns on their backs and would come in schools. Three or four would come at a time.

We were about two miles from the water.

Yours very truly,
EVELYN CODER,
Lakewood, Ohio.

Age 11.

My dear Miss Waldo:

Bruce is my brother, and we both like to make up poems. Bruce is five and he does not go to school, but I am in the first grade. That is all I can think of, but I want Mother to write the poems we said for her to write and send our pictures when we wore a really-true policeman's cap and coat and star.

Your friend,
JACK LINN,

Age 6.



BRUCE



JACK

A LITTLE BIRDIE

Once I saw a little birdie
Come flying by.
I called out to him
In a soft cry,
"If you'll stop and sing me cheep,
I will give you bread crumbs to eat."

JACK LINN,
Seattle, Wash.

A SEED

Isn't it funny,
A seed so small
Could grow so tall
For the harvest
In the fall?

BRUCE LINN,
Seattle, Wash.



BETTY ANN AND HER BROTHERS

Dear Child Life:

We get our magazine every month, and we can hardly wait for it to come. I read the stories to my brothers. I am sending you a snapshot of my brothers and myself. I was eight years old June 10th and my brothers are six and two years old.

Your friend,
BETTY ANN HOGE,
Morris, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have a little kitten and her name is Tabby. While I was writing she jumped up on my shoulder and rubbed her face on the side of mine. I like my little kitten and I'm sure she likes me. She is an Angora.

Yours truly,
HELEN WAGNER,
Everett, Mass.

Age 9½.

Dear Miss Waldo:

This summer I spent two weeks at a Girl Scout Camp at East Otis in the Berkshires in Massachusetts. The whole camp is divided into five groups, namely: Tanglewood, where Kipling's stories are told to the youngest Scouts; Jungle, where girls of twelve and thirteen hear stories of animals; next Camelot, King Arthur's City—girls of fourteen live here; then Wahpeton, the Leafy Village, in which girls of fifteen live in tents and try to live like Indians. The last is Sherwood where the oldest girls live according to the customs of Robin Hood.

Every other Saturday night the girls come together down in the big dining room and are entertained by the Dramatic Club.

The girls who have shown good camp spirit and have lived up to the ideals of camp get their camp letters. Every girl tries her best to get them. Every night each camp has its own camp fire at which songs are sung and stories told. Saturday and Wednesday nights the whole camp comes together to one camp fire. There is always an entertainment on these nights by the different camps.

The only thing I regretted was that the two weeks went by too fast!

Your friend,
MARTHA TANNATT,
Easthampton, Mass.

My dear Miss Waldo:

I certainly did enjoy "The Treasure of Belden Place," and each chapter grew deeper into the mystery.

"Child Life" has been my companion for nearly five years now, and I shall never be without it.

I have a scrapbook of all Lindy's pictures and clippings, and each day I clip more pictures from the newspapers. We have a friend who is down in Havana, and when Colonel Lindbergh came to Havana, our friend took him up in one of his two airplanes. Mother took me to New York the day that Colonel Lindbergh arrived at the Battery from Washington, and we were way up in the fifteenth story of the Standard Oil Building, where we could see all that went on below. We saw Lindy land on the water in an amphibian plane, and transfer to the Macom, come up Broadway in a beautiful red car, and last but not least, we saw his mother. The next day, I read that sixteen thousand tons of ticker-tape and confetti were thrown down! The paper was a beautiful sight, and in the air, it looked just like pieces of silver shining against the sun. We took many pictures, and a few days later, I wrote to Lindbergh, and in return for the letter, his private secretary sent me a photograph of Lindy beside the "Spirit of St. Louis." I shall never forget that eventful day.

I love to typewrite, and I am typewriting this letter.

I am an ardent admirer of "Child Life," and think the Joy Givers' Club is the loveliest thing in it.

With love to the members, I am,

Sincerely,
LORITA MILLER,
East Orange, N. J.

Age 12.

THE WEATHER CHILD

The weather man's small daughter
Was naughty yesterday.
(She always storms whenever
She fails to have her way!)

The big black clouds passed over
Her pretty little face.
She stamped her foot and down her cheeks
The tears began to race.

Then suddenly from out her mouth
There came an awful roar—
My, what a crack of thunder!—
And then came more and more.

And soon her eyes began to flash.
They looked like shots of flame!
By this time baby daughter's tears
Were pouring, pouring rain!

Then all at once the Weather Child
Stopped, and looked below.
The clouds began to disappear,
The naughty frown also.

It wasn't long before the sun
Came peeping in between,
Then as it showed its merry face
Not a single cloud was seen.

Just as the little maiden smiled
We gazed through her glistening tears.
The old sun beamed, a rainbow gleamed,
And the world gave three long cheers.

ALICE MARY ADAMS,
Dawson, N. M.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I study music and love it very much. I have a little half-size violin and have been playing on my violin and on the piano in recitals. I love to play beautiful music and I love to write poems and stories. Some day, I hope to write beautiful books for children. Books give joy to me, and "Child Life" brings joy to me always. I like my magazine better than any other.

Love to you and all the Joy Givers,

GENEVIEVE PAPINEAU.

THE STORY OF LITTLE SILVER WING

Once upon a time Little Silver Wing was playing in the fairy garden, when she saw something down among the flowers. She looked again and saw a tiny, bruised butterfly, lying there. He asked her if she would help him, and she said she would. The silver dust was all off the little butterfly's wing, so little Silver Wing gave the poor little butterfly some more silver dust to put on its wing. Then the little butterfly thanked the fairy and flew away, happy.

Little Silver Wing went on playing among the flowers in the fairy garden. Soon she heard footsteps, and looking up she saw the Fairy Queen. The Fairy Queen was calling her to come to the fairy feast, and little Silver Wing went joyfully.

The Fairy Queen and the Fairy King and the Fairy Nobles were giving a great feast and fairy dance in the woodland glen. All the fairies came, and the feast was very fine. They had fairy ice cream, cake and candy. The fairies all ate as much as they could, then they began to dance. They danced and they danced and they danced until the morning sky was pink with the dawn. Then they all flew away to their home in Fairyland and lived happy ever after.

GENEVIEVE PAPINEAU,
Fort Worth, Texas

Age 8.

THE QUEER HABIT

I've got a baby sister,
She is soft and sweet and dear;
But I can tell you, Mister,
She has a habit queer.
When my mother puts her in her bath,
She is hungry, I suppose,
For she just pulls up her little feet,
And chews upon her toes.

BETTY RACE,
Lansing, Mich.



PHILLIP ALLICON

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am a member of "Child Life" and I enjoy it very much. I have taken the magazine for two years, and I have found no fault with it. This picture was taken in New Hampshire after a fishing trip. I had great luck that day, for I caught twelve trout. Mother calls this picture Tom Sawyer. I do not belong to the Joy Giver's Club, and that is why I am writing to you. I have taken different magazines, but "Child Life" beats all.

A Child Life reader,

PHILLIP ALLICON,
Quincy, Mass.

Age 11.

JOHNNY GOES FISHING

Johnny was dull. He just couldn't help it. Tears seemed to keep in his eyes, no matter how hard he brushed them away. His bicycle was broken, and he wanted to go to a town near-by with George. But he couldn't because he had spent all his money at the show and hadn't any to pay for the fixing of his bike.

"Well, I dunno, but what I might as well go fishing," he said. He sighed as he spoke. So he went into the back yard and dug some worms.

After standing on the bank for about half an hour he grew restless. Just as he decided to go home, he felt a tug at his line. He quickly hauled up a lovely bass. "What a whopper!" he exclaimed. He flung his hook back in and caught lots of fish. When he had used up all his worms he started home. Afterwards he went down town and sold his fish. He got enough money from them to pay for fixing his bike.

HELEN COXWELL,
Toronto, Ont., Can.

CIRCUS ANIMAL LAND

Betty and Bob had watched the big circus parade in the morning. Betty had liked the animals most of all. Bob's favorites were the clowns. At the circus gates that night, much to their delight, the children saw the giant clown in front of one of the ticket booths.

"Hello, Mr. Clown," said Bob as brave as you please. The clown looked down when he heard Bob's voice; he seemed to have quite a kind look. His face broke into a nice grin when he saw Bob.

"Hello, little boy," he replied and then much to Bob's great delight he reached out his hand to Bob's smaller one.

"Are you going to the circus?" he then turned and asked Betty. "Yes, sir," she replied and we want to see the animals." "Good enough," replied the clown. "We'll show them to her, won't we Bob?"

Bob nodded, not knowing just what to say. The clown stopped for a moment as if thinking. "I'll tell you what, children," he said. "You go in and watch the show. Pretty soon I'll come along and then you and I will go and watch the animals. You see they want me to stay here until the folks are in."

"Yes, sir," said Bob, while Betty nodded her head. They both thought the giant clown was nice and friendly.

The show was exciting and there was so much to see that neither Bob nor Betty saw even half. They might have seen more perhaps, but they were wondering when their friend, the clown, would appear.

Betty saw him first. "Here we are, Mr. Clown," she called as he came toddling toward them. The little children called to him but he saw Betty at once.

"Oo-ooh," he hollered back, "I'll be with you in a minute. Now come," he called when he was in front of them. Out they came from their seats up their row. The clown took each one's hand.

"The monkey first," he said and off they trotted. The monkey was quite a sight and he acted his best because the clown was with them. After the monkey they saw the camels, the lions and the tigers. Then they came to a nice looking bear who was climbing a tree, then on until they had seen all the animals.

"Now," said the clown, "if you go back I shall let you see my act." "My," said Betty, while Bob acted as if he were doing the act.

The giant clown was the best one of the show, and how the children enjoyed the show! When it was over and they were leaving, they were quite sure that Mr. Clown had waved a good-bye just for them.

LEIGH KRAHN,
Oconto Falls, Wis

Age 9.

MY TRIP ABROAD

We landed at Bremen, Germany, where we just stayed one night. From there we went to several cities in Germany. Then we went to Vienna, Austria, where we stayed most of the time.

On our homeward journey, we visited Lucerne, Switzerland. Here we stopped and stayed at a hotel on a high mountain. Here I got acquainted with a little American girl named Jeanette Long. She took "Child Life" and I liked it so much that I asked my parents to subscribe for it, which they did, when we got to America. I have been taking it ever since. In one number I read the story about "Salt Water Taffy" and made the candy, which turned out very good.

Yours truly,
AMY HINMAN,
New Braunfels, Tex.

Age 11

HOW I MADE MY FIRST LEMON PIE

It all happened one night after school, when a friend and I decided to make a lemon pie.

We brought out all the material, the lemon, flour, butter, eggs, baking-powder, etc., and the tin to bake it in. We mixed our ingredients all together, except the lemon, which was to be added later. We put the lemon in the cupboard and forgot all about it. But here I am getting ahead of my story and you will solve the mystery before the end, which would never do. After we had mixed everything or thought we had, we put the pie in the oven to bake. After it was baked, we took it out; we thought it looked queer, but we decided it was probably all right. We then put on the meringue, browned it and let it cool.

After we washed the dishes and when our pie was cooled, we thought we would like to sample it. At the first bite, we looked at each other; not a taste of lemon was in that pie. How disappointed we both were, for this was to have been our masterpiece and we thought of how proud our mothers would be when they saw that pie, but this pie, instead of being a family dessert, became a stray dog's supper. I've often wondered, if dogs could talk, what he would say about that pie.

ANNA FRANKLIN,
Westfield, N. Y.

Age 12.

THE SQUIRREL

In the woods back of my house, there lives a family of squirrels, and every day they go out and get nuts and food. Every day I fill their nest with nuts and other things, and this happens day after day.

One day when I went back to see if they had gone, I only saw one squirrel go, so I waited around a while but no other squirrel came out. I went off to gather acorns and nuts and when I climbed the tree and looked down I saw the mother squirrel and the little ones, and she looked up and saw me, showed her teeth and snarled. I dropped my nuts and when she saw it was I that had been giving the nuts, she jumped up and came to me. And about that time Mr. Squirrel came home and when he saw me and his mate he jumped on my shoulder, and after that we were friends.

HARRY GONZALEZ,
Pensacola, Fla.

Age 10.

THE ADVENTURES
OF TOMMY FIREMAN

Tommy was a dog fireman of the "animal fire department." He was not a very good fireman, as everybody thought.

One day all the firemen were gone to supper but Tommy. He was just about to doze off to sleep when he heard the fire alarm.

He quickly got into the fire wagon and started away. The fire was in Bobby Woodchuck's home. Bobby was always thoughtless and he left his wife and baby in the burning house. Tommy got into the house and saved the wife and baby.

So everybody thought of Tommy as a real good fireman, especially the Woodchuck family.

KENNETH ESTES,
Haines City, Fla.

My dear Miss Waldo:

I am going to my grandfather's, as I do every summer. My aunt works at Rand McNally & Company. I suppose you know her. I have the four Bible stories and have read them clear through.

Your new member,
ELLEN LOUISE STAHL,
Louisville, Ky.

Age 11.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I live at Columbia River, Washington. The ground here is sandy. We live very near the river. There are many rocks; they are almost all of volcanic formation. The wind and sand has worn them into many different shapes. There are many caves. There is an elephant rock just out of town. There are many arrow heads and Indian relics such as corn pounders and net



sinkers. Last year some one dug up some Indian bones. An Indian woman said she thought a battle had been fought here.

Columbia River isn't much of a town. There is no store. There are eight children and one of them is a baby. There are nine grown-ups. We are only a few miles from the orchards, where they raise the noted Wenatchee apples.

My sister gets "Child Life." She is eight years old.

BERRY CRANEY,
P. O. Palisades, Wash.

Age 10.



JOHN AND MARGARET PETERSON

CHILDREN WHO WANT LETTERS

Request for letters from other children must be accompanied by the written consent of parent or guardian. Lack of space prevents our using more names and addresses each month.

Tessie George, 420 W. Poplar Ave., San Mateo, Calif., age 10½.

Rosemary Davis, 2078 S. Corona, Denver, Colo., age 10.

Patricia J. Martin, St. Leonards, N. B., Canada.

Sarah F. Snyder, R. D. No. 3, Lititz, Lanc. Co., Pa., age 9.

Ruth I. Linn, 105 W. 8th Street, Atlantic, Iowa, age 10.

THE DAWN

The dewdrops are kissing
The small blades of grass,
The sailors are stirring at sea—
The wind is awaking
The gay little birds
To sing out their joys to me!

Written at
age of 8

JEAN ROUYEYROL,
Los Angeles, Calif.

MY FRIEND JEFF

Jeff is a large collie dog. He tends to the cows. He is about the size of an ordinary collie dog and has a long black muzzle and big bushy tail.

Jeff ran true to collie form and was very loyal. We got him from a traveling man. His pedigree is none too good, I guess, but he suited us. He was very smart. Most of the time when he wasn't at work Jeff lay on the back doorstep and slept. He lay on the back doorstep because it was near the kitchen.

Of a morning when every one on the farm had had breakfast, Mamma would say, "After the cows, Jeff!" and off he would go. They were soon there; then he would drive them off to the pasture for the day. After that he was there all day. In the evening he repeated the same thing. If range cattle would get into the pasture, Mamma had only to open the gate and Jeff would go at their heels. They were soon out and Jeff would come trotting up for his usual handshake. He always got it. Mamma would say, "Nice boy, Jeff," whereupon he would wag his bushy tail joyfully and hold up his paw again for another handshake.

Jeff always kept the chickens out of the garden, too. He never caught any of them. He merely chased them out. Then he would come up to the doorstep and receive a panful of buttermilk, sometimes.

Once Jeff had a fight with a coyote who had tried to steal chickens. The coyote soon ran off, for they are cowardly creatures, and Jeff turned to the house to receive praise a-plenty and a little petting.

When Mamma went to town to get groceries Jeff always stayed faithfully at home. When we came here he thought he had to stay at home, so he is still there in the care of another man.

But we are going back some day and get him. I guess he thinks it's an awful long time before "Old Missus" is coming back from town.

GERALDINE BATCHLER,
Flagstaff, Ariz.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I enjoy you very much. I like your continued stories and your poems. I especially enjoyed "The Price of the Parrot Swan."

I live in Columbia River, Washington. The Columbia River is not very far behind our house. There are a lot of Russian thistles in the town; out of the town there is sagebrush. There are only four children here and my mother teaches us.

The river is very swift; it has a lot of rapids and a few falls. In the summer the salmon come up the river to spawn.

The snow birds come here to feed on the Russian thistle seeds. There are flocks of snow buntings, Juncos and others. When I came here I thought the Russian thistles were not good for anything, but I found out that the seed was good for bird food.

With best wishes,
ELIZABETH CRANEY,
Columbia River, Wash.

Age 9.



Prince Orrell breaks the spell of Enchantment



AFTER his thrilling adventure with ANGELINE and the characters from ON THE ROAD TO MAKE BELIEVE, Book-Elf, remembering his old friend RIMSKITTLE, famous for his RIME BOOK, decided to visit him. Before long, Book-Elf reached RIMSKITTLE's door. "Well, Book-Elf," exclaimed RIMSKITTLE, "I'm glad to see you for we are going to have an interesting experience. Two of our old friends the Mayor of Muttonville and Peter Poppenwappendal will soon be here. The Mayor is just as fat and smiling as ever, and Peter is learning more about flowers, bugs, and geometry all the time. We are going to take a trip to the land of THE ENCHANTED PEACOCK as soon as the sun begins to sink." "RIMSKITTLE," thought Book-Elf, "is just as merry as ever. I wonder what his next rime will be." Just then the Mayor of Muttonville and Peter Poppenwappendal knocked at the door. "Come in," RIMSKITTLE's deep voice boomed out. "Here is our little friend Book-Elf who is going with us to the land of THE ENCHANTED PEACOCK. Hurry, it is growing late."

The sun was quite low when Book-Elf and his friends arrived in the land of THE ENCHANTED PEACOCK. Prince Orrell was there to welcome them, and he took them



quickly to the King's palace. Even the gloomy, sour, old King had to smile when he saw RIMSKITTLE, the Mayor and Peter, for surely they were an odd-looking trio. His amusement didn't last long, however, for suddenly a white peacock flew down into the court-yard. The Prince ran toward it quickly, and threw a net made of golden mesh and pearls over its head. To everyone's astonishment, there in place of the peacock stood a beautiful girl with long yellow hair and deep blue eyes, dressed in a satin gown glistening with strings of great milky pearls. The treacherous old King, who had taken possession of the Princess' kingdom while she had been under a spell of enchantment, sneaked away to the mountains with his money bags and no one ever heard of him again. Book-Elf and his friends stayed for the magnificent wedding of Prince Orrell and Princess Aza, and they all declared there had never been a lovelier Princess-Bride.

(To be continued)



Book-Elf, Rand McNally's Bookshelf Dept. M-40
536 South Clark Street, Chicago

Dear Book-Elf:

☐ I want to know more about the people and animals in Storyland. Please send me postpaid a copy of your booklet, "Books for Boys and Girls and Guide for Selection."

☐ Help me to select books for the boys and girls whose names and ages I am sending herewith.

Name

Street

City and State



**Pitter, patter, what does it matter,
Let it rain all day;
Baby Ruth keeps us feeling fine
And makes a holiday**

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO

OTTO Y. SCHNERING, President



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Baby Ruth is one candy your children may safely eat—endorsed for purity by all these leading food authorities—your own Child Life, Good Housekeeping, Delin-eator, and dietitians every-where. Baby Ruth is delicious and wholesome, too. Recogn-ize it by the sanitary red-and-white wrapper, 5c

What Is Baby Ruth Made Of—
The freshest of milk, pure
sugar from cane,
Peanuts from Texas, Virginia
and Spain
Roasted and toasted, cleaned
and culled thrice,
Delicious with chocolate . . .
and everything nice

**THAT'S WHAT
BABY RUTH IS MADE OF**

BABY RUTH IS SOLD BY OVER A MILLION CANDY DEALERS
Tremendous sales assure its freshness everywhere

